# Grand·Prix

INTERNATIONAL

## DETROIT GP

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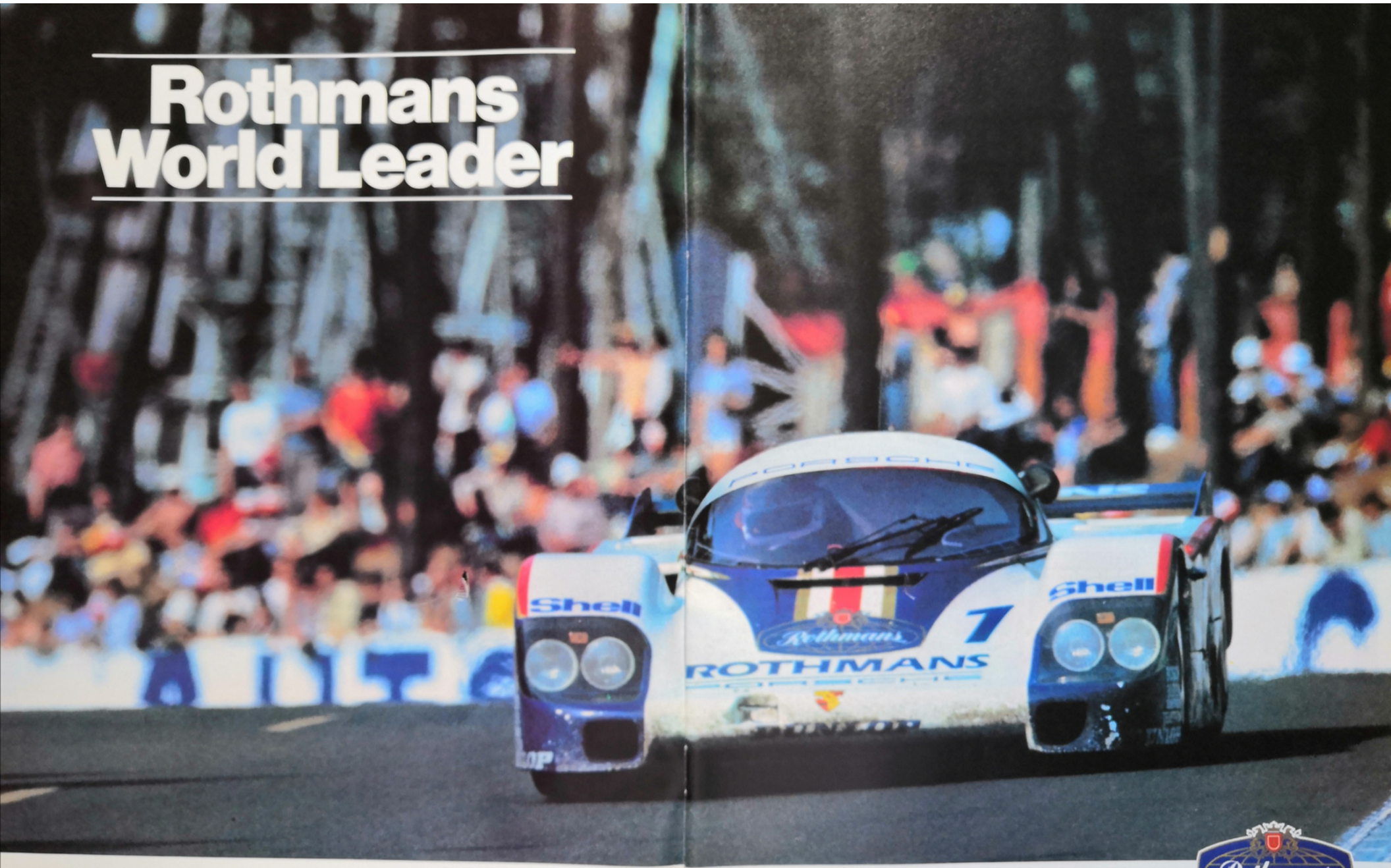


**WORLD ENDURANCE CHAMPIONS '82.**
**RACING CAR OF THE YEAR '82.**

○ 1st Silverstone, England ○ 1st, 2nd, 3rd Le Mans, France
○ 1st, 2nd Spa, Belgium ○ 1st Fuji, Japan ○ 1st Brands Hatch, England.

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## FORMULA ONE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Belgium GP** | | |
| 1st | Prost | Renault |
| 3rd | Cheever | Renault |
| 4th | Piquet | Brabham |
| **French GP** | | |
| 1st | Prost | Renault |
| **Long Beach GP** | | |
| 1st | Watson | McLaren |
| **Brazilian GP** | | |
| 1st | Piquet | Brabham |

## FORMULA TWO EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Vallelunga** | | |
| 1st | Gabbiani | March BMW |
| **Nurburgring** | | |
| 1st | Gabbiani | March BMW |
| **Hockenheim** | | |
| 1st | Palmer | Ralt-Honda |
| **Thruxton** | | |
| 1st | Gabbiani | March BMW |
| **Silverstone** | | |
| 1st | Gabbiani | March BMW |

## RALLY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Circuit of Ireland** | | |
| 1st | Brookes/Broad | Vauxhall |
| 2nd | Fisher/Frazer | Opel |
| 3rd | McRae/Grindrod | Opel |
| **Safari Rally** | | |
| 1st | Vatanen/Harryman | Opel |
| 2nd | Mikkola/Hertz | Audi |
| 3rd | Mouton/Pons | Audi |
| **Portuguese** | | |
| 1st | Mikkola/Hertz | Audi |
| 2nd | Mouton/Pons | Audi |
| **Swedish** | | |
| 1st | Mikkola/Hertz | Audi |
| 2nd | Blomqvist/Cederberg | Audi |
| 3rd | Lampi/Kukkala | Audi |

**Our congratulations to the drivers, manufacturers and support teams alike.**

**MICHELIN**
The winning name in performance tyres.


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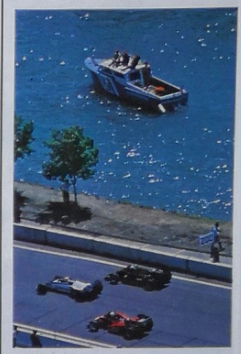

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*His name is Willi Dungl, the McLaren team's nanny. He looks after the body, soul and mind of all the team, but the two drivers principally. It was he who brought Niki Lauda back to racing after his Nurburgring shunt.*

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*Has Lotus's luck changed? Nigel Mansell got a point; are things looking up? Certainly they weren't for Rene Arnoux who at least looked competitive, whereas Alain Prost never looked a World Champion in Motown.*

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**N° 66 (CANADA) WILL BE ON SALE ON JUNE 15 1983**


**Grand·Prix INTERNATIONAL**

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# The paddock in Detroit

## EMERSON/JONES

Recently-separated, fit and smiling, Emerson Fittipaldi was on a walkabout in Detroit. And one not without purpose. Our understanding is that Emerson is about to make his comeback in Formula One, as a driver, and with his mind more firmly on the job than it's been for some years. The same telephones that were ringing with those negotiations were also busy with calls from the peripatetic Alan Jones (whose next racing appearance will be at Le Mans in a GPI-sponsored Porsche). No less than four calls were apparently placed by Alan to the same team as Emerson was talking to.

Not to be coy about it, the team is Alfa Romeo. For Alfa, having Emerson in their colours would make sound sense, even if improved results would not necessarily be immediataly forthcoming. But the combination with Jones leaves us with interesting speculations : not least, where the much-improved Andrea de Cesaris would go.

## DUCARED

He pulled the wool over our eyes at Spa when he told us he couldn't bear to go and live *'chez les Rosbifs.'* That meant, as far as we were concerned, that Gerard Ducarouge wouldn't be going to work for Lotus who'd been trying to secure his already well-proven services for the previous couple of months. But in the end, Gerard, sacked by Alfa Romeo the day after the French GP, joined Lotus on June 1, chosing this course of action rather than going back to Ligier again or setting up on his own. Gerard didn't make the trip to Detroit as he was settling in Norfolk and laying down the foundations of a new, interim Lotus which should make its debut at Silverstone. Consequently, his French colleagues and the French press were deprived of hearing how Gerard was making out with such English delectations as fish and chips (with snail sauce, of course), steak and kidney pie (with extra garlic), and bread and butter pudding. All the same, they wish him Good Luck, Ducared !

## RENAULT POWER

The British boxer Jim Watt used to say : *"You've got to knock them out in Europe if you want to win."* Some of the uncontinental teams feel the same way. Williams, for instance, is still smarting from a double : the loss of Rosberg's points in Brasil and the $5,000 fine against Renault at Spa. *"Can you imagine us getting away with just a $5,000 fine ?"* asked one Williams man. *"In F1 today there's one law for the rich (in power) and another for the poor."*

Indeed, on arrival in Detroit, we were surprised to find Renault very much in charge of the race : FOCA badges with Renault stickers and, most interestingly, certain adjustments to the track that could not be said to work to the disadvantage of the turbo-powered cars. Over at Williams, they were steaming about a Renault race before the Grand Prix began : but on that score, they hadn't consulted their memories. Far from being illegal, such warm-up races are fairly standard practice. But beefing is part of the diet : and not just among *les rosbifs.*

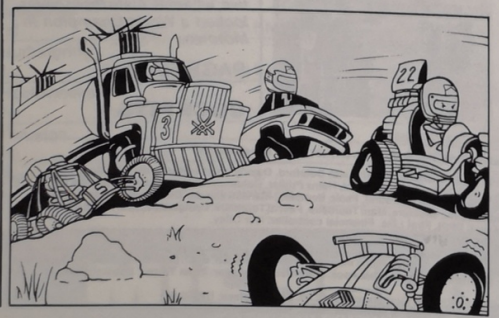
## FISA, FOCA, FOSA

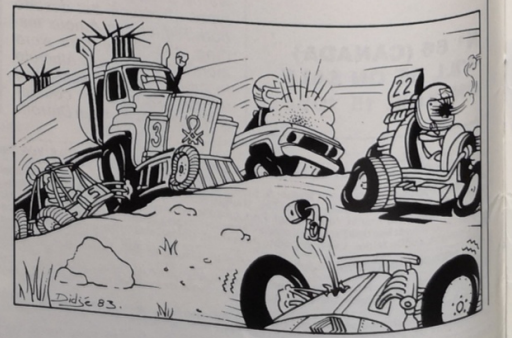
Among the crowds of initials spawned by Formula One, or FO for short, FOSA, which stands for the Formula One Spectators Association, and set up its first booth at Long Beach this year, is the newest, and perhaps the most sympathetic and least controversial. Its aims are: "to encourage better and more consistent coverage of Formula One by the media in the United States." And Lord knows if that's not a worthy object! It offers its subscriber (at $25 a year, and some 150 to 200 have signed on): a F1 hot-line, a toll-free number which anxious Americans (who of course never get results in their papers) can call for the latest information, newsletters after every race and tours.

George Goad and Palema Laursen are the parents of this new brainchild: he an ex ad-man, she a graphic designer and a couple of long-standing. Hot F1 fans and frustrated at being unable to get info on races, they decided to organize their minority. So far they've been good fun at all the races we've seen them at, and GPI wishes them all the best. (US readers note, FOSA is to be reached at 8033 Sunset Blvd, Suite 60, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046).

## RAISED EYEBROWS

FOCA boss Bernard Ecclestone was in rousing form in Detroit. Facing a roomfull of American reporters who had obviously anxious questions about the future of F1 in the United States, Ecclestone unloaded on them a variety of sharp statements with the characteristic Bernie bite to them. Among them such gems as: *"Formula One is like going to war. You don't talk about budgets; they're open-ended."* That in response to why he was asking so much money from New York for that now-cancelled race. The war he referred to was of course the war with CART, and on that subject, he was even more pungent: *"We were rejected by Penske several years ago. We offered to merge the two circuits and avoid a war. But in CART just two people write the rules, and they don't tell anyone what they are. They just build their cars to those specifications and if it doesn't suit, they change the rules. The people at CART are at least consistent: they've never done anything they said they were going to do."* He ended by rounding on the drivers, who according to him are *"pampered, earn far too much money"* and ought to have their *"attitudes changed. Most of them come to a race and then just vanish back to Monaco or Switzerland or wherever."* It all sounded authentic Ecclestone.





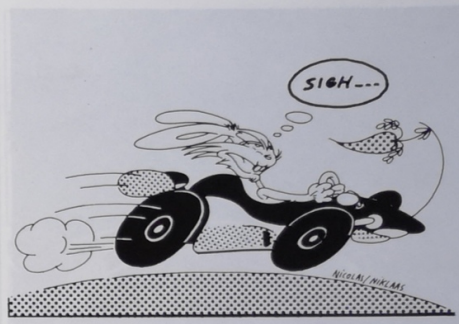
## PIRELLI QUERIED

When Lotus found their cars running some two seconds behind the Toleman team, there were some obviously raised eyebrows. They had been supplied with P14 s and those weren't proving very effective. Being the inquisitive sort, a Lotus delegation snuck away to the Toleman pits and examined their tyres: not the chalk marks on the tyres but the serial numbers. To their surprise, they found that Toleman had P43 s. To this difference, then, they ascribed the fact that on Sunday morning warm-up, they were some two seconds behind the Tolemans.

Their response was to ask politely if they could see Pirelli boss Mario Mezzanotte. It would seem that at the first approach, Mezzanotte, if he told the truth, did not tell the whole truth, for - wonder of wonders - just five minutes before the dummy grid went off, a Pirelli truck appeared with some P43 s (no less than five sets!) for the Lotus team. It would further seem that Pirelli, visibly anxious to make good in F1 and to draw more teams into their net, had cast their lot with Toleman as the more likely finishers than Lotus. Obvious to some, perhaps, but not entirely fair play. In the end, then, Pirelli earned Mansell's point thanks to some inquiring people from Lotus, eh?

## WILLIAMS HONDA

By the time you read this, there will be a lot of speculation printed about Patrick Head's not being at Detroit because he is hard at work on the Honda turbo engine to be fitted to the Williams car and raced at some point this season. A turbo engine would clearly suit Williams and world champion Keke Rosberg, who has yet to sign for next season with Frank. At the moment, however, we can report with authority that no deal with Honda has yet been signed at Williams. And while no one is saying that such a deal may not be in the works, the point is that Williams' long-range ambitions may not necessarily be tied to the Honda engine. Enough said.




# DETROIT REVISITED

**As the sole survivor among the American Grands Prix, Detroit takes on added lustre, not to speak of importance: Formula One, after all, can ill afford to allow its international boundaries to continue to shrink, to have old venues disappear and new ones fail to take root.**

**But Detroit is, for all the brash modernity of its urban renewal and its ruthlessness with the markers of the past, a city of solid traditions, all of them deeply rooted in the internal combustion engine, the car, speed, mobility and the freedom that this has spelled for the masses in the twentieth century. It has had its days of suffering and its days of heedless glory, but one thing that cannot be denied it is a spirit of genuine, heart felt local pride. The people who make Detroit tick are not only people of consequence, they are people with a vision for the future of their city and their beleaguered industry.**

**The Detroit Grand Prix is part of that vision, and that alliance between the automobile industry and its expression in sport, motor racing, is nowhere so clearly expressed as in Detroit. The connexion is more than symbolic; it is vital.**

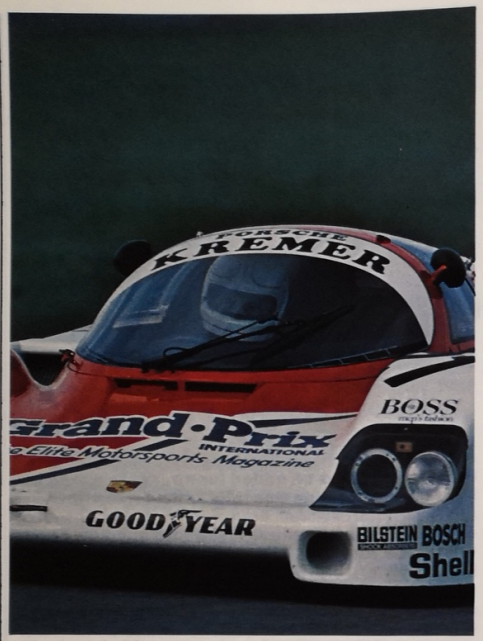
**It is vital because it preserves a link between our sport and its origins which we do well to remember: like Detroit, our sport is born out of the industry, out of the intimate connexion between man, machines and mobility, so integrally a part of the century's mystique.**

**True, one can add another M to that equation: money. But though money underpins our sport, it need not rule it. And those in Detroit who have clubbed together and battled together to keep Formula One going in their city and in America have performed a selfless action on behalf of all of us that should earn our gratitude.**

**What we and they now need, and urgently, is that Formula One be helped to take root in America. This it cannot do unless the public is educated, unless the sport is given consistent and intelligent coverage, unless television supports it and, above all, unless America starts contributing its own phenomenal talents to the sport. After a difficult beginning last year, Detroit has given us a sturdy survivor: may it now give us American cars, American teams and American drivers. If it can carve out a race, it should be able to do the rest.**

***GPI***

# The paddock in Detroit




## GPI GOES GROUP C RACING (CONTINUED)

Our second Group C issue of the year is on sale concurrently with our Detroit issue, and it covers the first three World Endurance Championship rounds plus news from the IMSA series in the States. Needless to say, it's full of the best photographs you'll see of Group C and exciting endurance racing cars, plus an account of how GPI has become even further involved with Endurance racing. With Le Mans, only a week or two away, our Group C issue is a must.

## ANOTHER GP IN ENGLAND ?

Much to Silverstone's annoyance, rumours are currently circulating that a second Grand Prix will be held in Britain later in the year. This follows the cancellation of the New York Grand Prix this year as the circuit isn't ready, and the near certainty that the Las Vegas event will also be cancelled. Quite why this is still unclear is puzzling, but that leaves a calendar of only 14 races in total whereas 16 was the number expected at the beginning of the season.

Of course, the Swiss Grand Prix further contributed to the cancellations but it also gave rise to a race title easily adopted. It was renamed the European Grand Prix which allowed virtually anyone to give it a home. We understand that John Webb of Brands Hatch, already seriously out of pocket following the unprofitable Race of Champions, has asked the RAC to apply to FISA for a date on which to run a second Grand Prix in England, and it is he who has already begun the publicity campaign for the second Grand Prix to be held in England. It could be held on October 9.

However, there are those who ask why a second Grand Prix should be held in England, and in particular, why at Brands Hatch which has already had one Formula One race this year. Why not Donington, a much favoured location if not by Silverstone which is not far away ? It appears that no formal application has yet been made by Donington, and it is just possible that it would need work done to the circuit to bring it up to both length and even safety standards. Donington, of course, would be an excellent choice, bringing Formula One back to a circuit where the British Grand Prix was held pre-war.

## JACQUES VILLENEUVE

Eliseo Salazar wasn't in Montreal for good reason. Team boss John Macdonald hadn't brought the RAM Marches across the Atlantic. It wasn't surprising that John hadn't brought the cars, because at the beginning of the season, the former London car dealer had stated that he wouldn't be going to either Michigan or Montreal. He kept the first part of his promise, but it's unlikely that he'll keep the second, because both RAM Marches will be available to Jacques Villeneuve in Canada this weekend. The late Gilles' younger brother will be the only RAM driver as Salazar is also having financial problems, but Villeneuve's inclusion is guaranteed thanks to money from a local sponsor. The March has recently been tested for the second time by Nelson Piquet prior to making the trip to North America, and no doubt the team is hoping that his testing and the new driver will make lots of difference and reverse their luck. Meanwhile, Villeneuve was sensibly taking full advantage of the days between Detroit and Montreal to have a couple of days testing at Mosport in order to get used to his new car and the latest Pirelli qualifying tyres.

## NURBURGRING : 1984 GERMAN GP

GPI's recent visit to the Nurburgring 1000 kms gave us an opportunity to find out how work was going on at the new circuit. It needed an off-road vehicle to do it, but we went round the proposed track and saw just what an incredible circuit it will be. At the moment, it's hard to imagine it actually being beautiful, but it will be superb for spectators with virtually every inch being surrounded by stands and banks. The cost has been incredible 80,000,000 Deutschmarks, but will be superb with a length of 4.5 kilometers, 2.79 miles. There will be room for 120,000 spectators in concrete stands with a further 30,000 on grass. There is space for 2,700 in covered stands, these being the original wood ones built in 1926 ! From virtually any part of the circuit, a spectator will be able to see at least half of the track, which of course will be equipped with all modern facilities, including no less than five electric scoreboards. The lap time is expected to be in the region of 1m 35s for Group C cars. The circuit, which should have adequate car parking and even its own camp site, should be ready in the spring of next year, and is expected to be the venue of next year's German Grand Prix during the first week of August. We advise you to keep the date free, it should be an incredible spectacle.

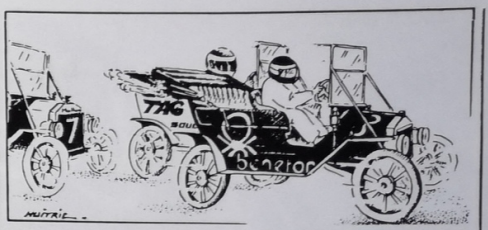
## UNLIVABLE FRANCE

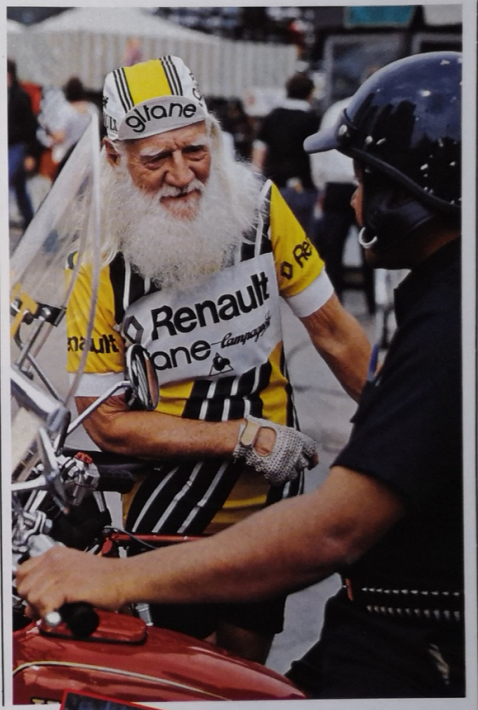
We were surprised to find the words *"France has become impossible to live in"* in the mouth of Renault's very special and normally (like Renault) thoroughly patriotic Alain Prost. But there it was, spread all over a Swiss paper, together with the news that Alain was dropping out of Mitterand's France and heading across the border to live at Sainte-Croix in the Vaud. *"It's not as you might think,"* Alain is quoted as saying. *"It's not just a question of money."* Well, as we know, money is what leads a lot of drivers to such unlikely places as Monaco and Switzerland ; likewise, it is customary that those who intend to settle in the land of numbered bank accounts are extraordinarily discreet about the fact. Few new Swiss residents start out with blasts at their native countries.

But this is what Alain is reported to have said : *"France is still the most beautiful country in the world, but if you are even mildly celebrated, it has become absolutely unlivable : petty jealousy, stolen cars, anonymous letters and phone calls, sensationalist articles in the press about the most trifling details of one's private life. I am moving to Switzerland to get a little peace and quiet and to raise my family properly."*

But the article goes on to offer certain piquant details about how such moves are made. Prost's cover in Sainte-Croix is a newly-formed company called Star Racing Promotions, SA and the company's business is officially "the sale and promotion of articles concerned with motor sport." According to Alain, *"this is no umbrella, but a real business to keep me going after I retire."*

The apartment is rented; his wife Anne-Marie and two-year-old Nicolas are already installed.



# SMART AND COOL

**A season of disappointments and hard times, the team in the doldrums, sponsors Benetton restive; Alboreto may not believe in good luck and bad, but he was grateful for a victory that appeases the demons within the man and confirms his status as a driver for the future.**

*by Keith Botsford*

The first thing Ken Tyrrell did at the end of the race as Michele flashed by was kiss his wife, the delectable Nora. Then came the congratulations: from Bernard Ecclestone (*"I was just praying your man Piquet wouldn't finish,"* said Ken gracefully), from Long Beach's Chris Pook, who added: *"Nice to win the only American Grand Prix!"* And after the congratulations, the ritual return, in triumph, of Michele himself, a slight, tightly-built, bullet-like figure, all mouth and nose and eyes.

Then it was up on the podium, where Michele did his best to look like an Italian pagoda, with a series of hats (sponsors' hats of course) one on top of another, Watson beaming wearily alongside him and offering him a 7-Up and Keke, in sunglasses, looking very macho and pleased with himself. Michele handled all that with the aplomb one has come to expect of him. Then off to the interview tent to face what must be the worst ordeal any driver has to face: listening to inane quesitons from local journalists who don't know anything about the sport, such as: *"How did you and Ken Tyrrell get together?"* Quipped Keke, whispering, *"What do you think? Ken put an ad in the paper saying 'Driver wanted'?"*

There was so much of that that Michele finally retired (to the gratitude of all) back to his hotel room. There, washed, changed, refreshed and thoroughly pleased with himself and with his change of fortune, he was very much the relaxed young compleat driver: on his bedside, the Italian translation of Henry Kissinger's White House memoirs. A cool head reading a hot one.

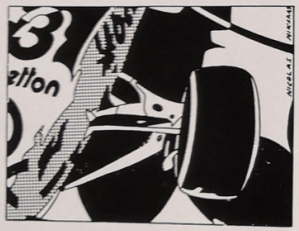
There he was splendidly gracious and forthright. No, he hadn't anticipated winning the race: *"No, looking at the grid and the weather and the track, I knew it had to be a turbo race. I thought I might, if I were lucky, squeeze in among the first three."* That much was obvious, but not every driver is willing to ascribe a win to some part of fortune. But Michele is: *"If I make a mistake, I'm the first to say it. To myself first,"* he said, *"because the stu-*

*pidest thing a man can do is lie to himself.*" Thus, he was not likely to say he'd won on outright merit. "*On the day, we had the car right, the tyres right and a bit of luck,*" he said. "*And even at the end, I wasn't sure. A turbo car could have gone in for a last effort, a quick change of tyres and come flashing by me.*"

About Piquet he was gracious enough to admit that "*if he hadn't had a puncture, there is no way I could have got past him. I saw he was in trouble with his rear tyres; after that, passing him was easy. I'm sorry for Nelson and pleased for myself. Who can tell about luck? I don't believe in it, because I think men make their own luck. But sometimes it smiles on you. Other times it doesn't. I've had it against me even when I've thought I've driven well; this time it came right.*"

Of course winning this race had changed his status somewhat. "*Yes, instead of winning one Grand Prix, I've now won two. I don't think that changes me very much.*"

That, too, is an admirably forthright statement, particularly when facing a gaggle of Italian journalists who've now joined us and are crowding the counterpanes of the twin beds in Michele's room badgering him with questions about when he's going to join Ferrari. Ferrari, after all, is the only team there is, right? Michele wasn't having any of it. With admirable balance, he sidestepped that question; and with equally admirable loyalty said that, "*if all things are right, it's not at all to be excluded that I will continue with Ken after this year when my contract runs out. I believe in the team and I get along well within the team.*"



Psychologically, however, winning does something very special for a driver: even one as well-balanced as Michele. "*It's nice to put a run of bad results behind you,*" he said, "*particularly when you're not convinced that they're entirely your own fault.*" No sooner had he uttered that obvious truth when someone piped up with: "*Does that mean you think you really have a crack at the championship?*" Answered Alboreto, with just a glimmer of a smile: "*I'm not that foolish. Of course, I can't be champion this year.*" Head screwed on right. No verbiage. The same man who a fortnight ago could also say "*we go to Silverstone just to pay the price of admission.*" Meaning without a chance. Not on the quick circuits. No illusions. But the young man was growing up quickly: in the best way. And comparing this race to last year's victory at Las Vegas, he could say, firmly, that "*this one, you can talk a little about luck: my good luck and Nelson's bad luck. Last year at Vegas I won on my own.*" That had put the world on his tail, touted him too fast too far. He wanted none of that. "*I have plenty of time left,*" he said. Time to consolidate. Time to be champion. In his own time, and not courtesy of Fortuna. □

## PATRICK TAMBAY

The engine stalled when I let out the clutch. I'd heated up the tyres during the final warm-up and they were good and hot, I can tell you, so I should have had maximum grip. As it happened, it felt as though they were welded to the ground. They just wouldn't turn when I let out the clutch which seems crazy when you think I had 9500 revs on the clock, but that's the way it was. When the rest of them started to come round me, I shrunk into the cockpit. It must have looked a bit dangerous from outside the car, but it wasn't too great inside, I can tell you. Very soon afterwards, a breakdown truck came up alongside and they fixed a rope to the roll-over bar and towed me away to a safe place. I can't understand why because I didn't even have a chance to try and restart the engine, even if I was a ten or twenty seconds behind, but Nelson Piquet was able to do that at Imola. I really complained after the race and I didn't temper my words when talking to the American press even though it was too late to do anything. I was even more annoyed because Rene Arnoux proved that the cars and tyres were competitive enough to win here, and I'm a contender for the World Championship. To lose much needed points in that way is something that I may remember for a long time.

## THIERRY BOUTSEN

This time I was fortunate enough to finish the race and I was only just outside the points as well, but there's no one I can blame for that but myself. I chose harder tyres because I wasn't sure enough of the softer ones and right from the start, I had too little grip. On lap 24, I came into the chicane rather too fast, went straight over the pavement, got all crossed up and touched the wall with the left rear tyre. Sullivan and Watson overtook me shortly after but even so, I was in the points for seven laps until Mansell overtook me. I was exhausted when I finished with a pain in the back, almost certainly because the seat doesn't fit properly. But I'm happy because the car is obviously good. The next thing to go for is to get the right use out of the qualifiers and for me to get used to the car. I'm still not totally confident in the car, unlike my teammate, Marc Surer who was very unlucky in the race. But he's proved here and elsewhere that the Arrows is one of the best of the Cosworth-powered cars.

***Two wins behind him, 26 years old: Italy's new hope, after an unremarkable start to the season, has bounced back into the public eye again. The pressure is on him to say something nice about joining Ferrari, but Michele Alboreto's keeping cool. After all, he's won two Grands Prix in a Tyrrell...***

## KEKE'S COLUMN

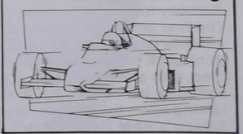
I had a few hassles at the Nürburgring when Jöst told me at the last minute I wasn't going to have his Porsche to race with, but after cancelling out, I got another and came in third. But it's a long race, too long for me; the weather was lousy and that didn't help, since I got a cold I've carried to here; sometimes it feels like I haven't been healthy for two months. I've got the stamina for that sort of race when I'm fit, but I'm not. After Detroit it's not just a matter of resting; I've got to get back into fitness training. The fitter you are, the more protected you are for whatever response you need.

I came here and it was cold and we had to work under appalling conditions; they could at least have brought the second pits from Spa. It was impossible for the mechanics. It was the first time, Alan Challis says, he's ever tried to change an engine out in the open without something over his head. In Long Beach, nobody minds; it hasn't rained there for five years, but here, June is the rainiest month. It's just not possible.

Sure, I was on pole on Friday, but I think that what happened is that other people were just cruising along to get used to the conditions; I went out to qualify, which is different. The Friday grid was fun: I would have enjoyed it! We had gone out on hard compounds first; so at the end we were the only team to put in better times when we went out on softer tyres. Even then, my performance wasn't terrific. I was in there with Surer and Alboreto, and let's face it, I should be better.

When it came to the race, I made a good start. I had an extra long second gear and got up a lot of high revs. As usual, everyone went for the inside and I got around outside. I was certainly not resting easy with Watson on my tail: after all, I've seen this all before. But what I regret most about the race is that the old gentleman's agreement among drivers seems to have been lost. There was a time when if you were slipstreaming someone and you got by, they let you past. Not any more. Now they all behave as if they were still driving in F3. Not all of them, but some of the new crop. I had trouble with Boutsen. In the old days, Mario would have taken him by the arm and said, great race boy, only... No, it's not up to me to play the elder statesman. I've not always been that easy myself.

***Keke Rosberg***



Now that it seems that both Las Vegas and Long Beach no longer retain an interest in Formula One, and New York's organisers have asked for another year in which to prepare for their race, Detroit now appears to be the only North American Grand Prix on a stable basis, despite the anti-Formula One vogue and the pro-CART fever. The organisation is supported by Ford, General Motors and American Motors, and it is Renault who add weight to the the latter. So this round of the World Championship in the automotive capital of the world appears to be safe, and it seems highly likely that Formula One will return to Detroit in 1984.

more can be read in Paddock - took to the track, so rain tyres were essential. It wasn't an easy task for the drivers: the track was slippery as ice, the circuit twisty and bumpy and the concrete walls all too close, yet once again the drivers proved just why they are the best in the world: there wasn't a single serious incident and virtually no damage. Only technical problems sidelined drivers, not their own mistakes. Among those delayed was Manfred Winkelhock whose revised ATS suffered battery failure after only one lap and he had to drive the spare car, while both Prost and Lauda were also forced to use their spares after engine problems.

# PRACTICE

"Detroit Grand Prix fever: catch it!" pleaded the stickers decorating every shop in the labyrinth of corridors in the Renaissance Centre mall adjoining the Westin Hotel, 70 storey epicenter of the Grand Prix which few of those visiting Detroit actually wish to leave unless for some specific reason. Catching this fever isn't easy, despite the chaos of last year which now seems to have become ironically concrete reality. Two major modifications to the circuit had been made: the first was that the Jefferson Avenue hairpin, where certain cars stalled last year so tight was it, had been abandoned altogether, and the chicane prior to the pits had been redesigned. This made the length of the circuit slightly more at 4.12 kilometers, 2.56 miles.

On Friday morning, when the cars were leaving their Cobo Hall garages on the ground floor, they were all covered by brightly coloured umbrellas and tarpaulins. Quite simply, it was raining: the sky was grey, low cloud hovered overhead. Detroit, according to the producer of the worst puns in motor racing, British commentator Anthony Marsh, had become Wetroit. The first unofficial session began 50 minutes late, which isn't bad when you think back to last year's chaos. This time, only a few problems of safety had to be ironed out. But it was still raining when the 27 cars - less Salazar's RAM Racing March of which

A wet practice session such as this gave one the opportunity to judge just how good certain drivers are in the wet, and how some go all out to attack. Number one in our rating was de Angelis whose Pirellis worked well, while Cheever was trying his damndest and then remarked, back in the pits, that some of his colleagues were *"crazy to go so fast."* And of course there was Surer who repeated his Monaco and Spa exploits. The times remained static on 2'07" for some time, but then suddenly the rain stopped and the track began to dry, and that immediately modified the previous order in the few laps before the flag. Those out on the circuit at the end benefitted from a track drying at a rate of knots, so that it was possible to improve by a second or more per lap. In the end, it was de Angelis who set fastest time in 2'01"289 on the final lap, an average of 72.43 mph, ahead of Jarier, Cheever, Laffite, Giacomelli, Surer, Warwick, Tambay, Watson, Arnoux, Guerrero, Fabi, Prost and Alboreto, all of whom set their times on their final lap. At the other end of the time sheet, Piquet, Winkelhock and Patrese could be found, not at all happy as their BMW engines came 'on cam' so quickly that their Brabhams and ATS were almost undriveable in the rain, their times earning them the last three positions.

When the first officially timed session began, the weather had worsened and this time there was a real storm and the track was almost flooded. Indeed, where it was bumpy, it was like Russian roulette for the drivers because in between were deep lakes. But the drivers went out and did their best, even if Guerrero and Prost both damaged their cars on the first lap. However, the show went on in this grey, cold and wet although one could enjoy, the sight of skilled drivers taming powerful beasts on a slippery surface with opposite lock.

The spectacle continued until suddenly the black flag came out: Jacques Laffite had spun on the straight opposite the pits and had aquaplaned into the wall, damaging the right rear corner of the Williams. It took some time for the Williams to be removed, but at that stage, teammate Rosberg was fastest with a 2'08"198. Tambay, Winkelhock, Patrese and Fabi all had spins, but in the second half, Jarier, Mansell and de Cesaris would put their cars between the Williams and the Tyrrell. The Frenchman, in particular, enjoyed finding his and the car's limit in these conditions. On the other hand, Prost wasn't too keen on trying hard and qualified at the back, with only Patrese and Sullivan behind him. The Italian once again suffered from the brutal power of the BMW engine, although Piquet and Winkelhock in 17th and 18th places slightly disproved this theory. What was surprising was that there were seven Cosworths in the top ten. And meanwhile, the rain continued to fall, making Wetroit even wetter. It could only improve.

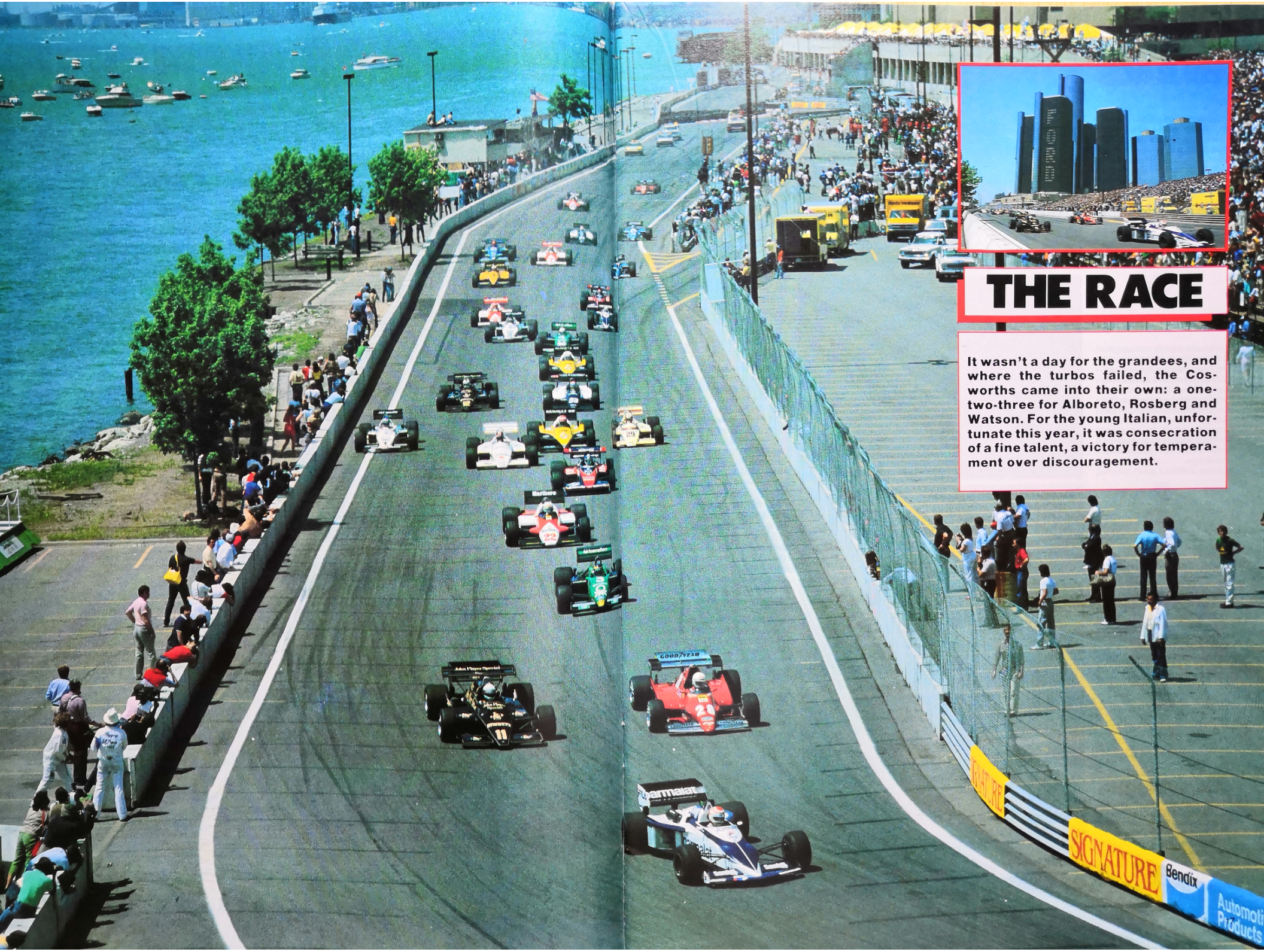
The sun still wasn't shining on Saturday morning, but at least it wasn't raining and didn't look as though it would. When the second unofficial session began, the track was 90 per cent dry but it was very humid. At least practice could now begin in earnest. As on the previous day, Winkelhock quickly ran into trouble and had to use his spare car again, Surer had gearbox trouble and took over the spare, while Patrese had to do the same thing on a more permanent basis when his race car's fuel tank sprang a leak. Tambay was fastest for a long time with a 1'47"109

but at the end of the session, times dropped dramatically and it was finally Piquet who was quickest with 1'45"043 followed by Alboreto, Prost (who had finally got down to the job after testing various springs,) de Angelis, Cheever, de Cesaris, Mansell and Surer.

At one in the afternoon, the cars went out again for what one hoped might be a fraught hour of qualifying which would determine the grid. But unfortunately, it wasn't to be as fraught and exciting as one might have hoped. The state of the track suddenly changed for no discernible reason after around 15 minutes, and it was those who had fitted qualifying tyres early who set the fastest times. After 13 minutes of practice, Arnoux led with a 1'44"734 ahead of Piquet, Tambay, de Angelis, Surer, Alboreto and Cheever and this order would remain until the end of practice, despite various desperate attempts to change it. Second sets of qualifiers produced times at least one or two seconds slower and only de Cesaris, Rosberg and Laffite who had not been running for various reasons at the start of the session, succeeded in setting faster times later, and upsetting the initial order.

On this circuit, where it's difficult to overtake, it was a bitter pill to swallow if you had been a little relaxed during the opening minutes of a session. Prost was the one the most affected: he was way back in 13th place. Once the chequered flag had come out to signal the end of practice, drivers, team managers, designers and tyre men gathered in small huddles to discuss this extraordinary change of track condition. The only feasible explanation was that a brief burst of sunshine might have evaporated humidity inside the tarmac. The quest for the truth involved a lap by lap analysis of each driver's times which was conducted in minute detail, and it was quite easy to forget that Arnoux had set an advantageous pole position, and that poor Corrado Fabi, thanks to a misfiring engine which then broke, saw his hopes evaporate along with that humidity, failing to qualify in the land where his brother had started from pole position the week before at Indy.

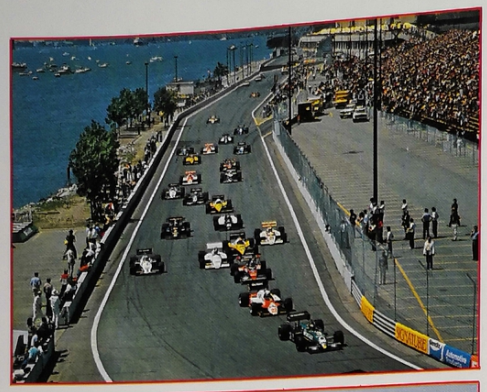
***Didier Braillon***




# THE RACE

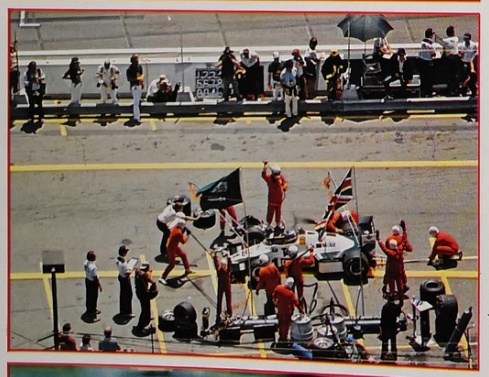
It wasn't a day for the grandees, and where the turbos failed, the Cosworths came into their own: a one-two-three for Alboreto, Rosberg and Watson. For the young Italian, unfortunate this year, it was consecration of a fine talent, a victory for temperament over discouragement.

# THE RACE



*1. Alboreto, the future winner, leads the pack once Piquet, Arnoux and de Angelis have passed in that order. As usual, Keke Rosberg has gone round the outside at the first corner and picked up a number of places before coming across Warwick, while Boutsen has also made a good start, leading teammate Surer who started two rows places ahead of him.*
*(photo: First Line)*

*2. Piquet lasted no longer than ten laps in the lead with Arnoux challenging, the Frenchman driving the only Ferrari in the race once Tambay had stalled on the grid. Arnoux soon pulled away, leading by 30 seconds when he stopped for fuel, but he retired soon after with an electrical breakage.*
*(photo: DPPI)*



*3. Rosberg overtook Piquet shortly before refuelling, but then the Finn lost time in the pits with a recalcitrant right rear wheel nut. Precious seconds ticked by while a mechanic struggled, and those seconds might have cost Keke dear at the end of the race.*
*(photo: First Line)*

*4. Watson drove a great race in the streets of Detroit where he won last year. This time, however, he started back in 21st place, but furthered his reputation as a street fighting man with a fine drive through the field to third place, only two seconds behind Rosberg.*
*(photo: First Line)*

Again, as at Spa, the rain gave way to sunshine; again the situation of the Cosworth-engined cars looked desperate. Only the result was vastly different. It may not have been in the cards, but the aspirated cars—despite turbo-favouring alterations to the circuit— won, and won handsomely.

Since we don't seem to be able to get starts quite right recently, Detroit provided another delay: a five minute standoff caused by de Cesaris leaping from his car on the grid with a stalled engine. Not a bad tactical move, said the cynics, but causing some of the turbos to have fears of overheating. In fact, with the re-start, Tambay stayed firmly glued to his third spot on the grid. His explanation was that he'd overheated his tyres: *"I blew it,"* he said, *"I got too much grip."*

Others thought that probably he had an overlong first gear and didn't get it right. As de Angelis (who weaved to the outside and was soon running third) and Winkelhock were both penalised a minute for jumping the start, the real position at the end of the first lap was: Piquet, who headed Arnoux off handsomely at the start, Arnoux, de Cesaris, Alboreto, Warwick, Rosberg and Cheever.

As a result of the second start, the race was down to sixty laps and the casualty list started fairly early. De Angelis stalled, then Cheever; Surer spun wildly but regained control, losing several places and Jarier and Patrese both made pit stops to change all their tyres. By then, the form of the first part of the race was well-established: Arnoux was picking up fierily on Piquet and there was nothing Piquet could do about it: by lap 10, Arnoux was past and flying, pulling away like a rocket. By then, significantly, Keke Rosberg, 12th on the grid, 7th for the first three laps, had moved up to third place. As for Watson, starting 21st, he was still among the obscure: sixteenth. Lauda, who had a discreet race, stopped for a tyre change, but the real race, of course, did not involve him and it would have taken fantastic foresight to figure Watson as having any role to play. No, we thought, the race looks to be Piquet's; showing a certain lack of confidence in Arnoux's staying power. The first third of the race ended with Rosberg right up on Piquet and on lap 20, past him; just as, behind the leaders, de Cesaris had managed to edge past Alboreto.

By then, knowing that Piquet wasn't going to pit for fuel and a tyre change, the Brasilian looked a very good bet. Ahead of him Arnoux was edging up to the 20s lead over Rosberg he thought safe for his pit-stop and as Rosberg, too, had to pit-stop, we shared a general conviction that the Brabham should win. Then (with the situation at lap 25 being Arnoux, 21.8s up on Rosberg, Piquet 2s behind him, followed by Alboreto, Warwick and de Cesaris) de Cesaris went off (he was eventually unclassified for a push-start) and the two crucial pit-stops began: Arnoux's took 14.7s and Rosberg's, immediately after, 17.5s. When Arnoux rejoined the race, Piquet was right up on him and the positions at lap 32, or a little past half-way were: Piquet leading handsomely and pulling away, Alboreto staying in contention, Rosberg and... you guessed it, and John Watson, the mystery charger of the Detroit streets. He'd done it from 17th at Detroit last year: could he do it from 21st this year?

For a while, that looked perfectly possible. Having made his way steadily up the grid (through retirements in front of him, smooth driving and tyres finally warming up—as Keke was to say afterwards, *"another 20 laps and Wattie would have taken me!"*) Watson was right up on Rosberg. Then something went awry for John in the tunnel: he either went sideways or slipped a gear and Keke was away.

But that race was for second place. First place was still being decided. The halfway-plus list had a name missing: little René Arnoux, whose engine (afflicted by electrical problems) just suddenly went dead on him. So, Piquet in the lead, Alboreto second, Rosberg third, Watson fourth. The final drama was not to come until lap 51 when Piquet's left rear tyre started going flat, and Alboreto easily got past him and cruised home to victory.

It was a fascinating race, enlivened by a number of excellent duels. In fact, the kind of race that one expects from a street race where the odds no longer favour the turbos. Rosberg's drive, despite a set of off-and-on tyres and a pit-stop that may well have been a mistake, was as masterly as ever, and Watson came close to pulling off another of his street stunts. It contained luck and ill-fortune in equal parts and some distinguished teams had egg on their faces.

**Keith Botsford**

*5. Mansell scored Lotus's first point of the season having overtaken Boutsen's Arrows. The Belgian finished seventh after a good drive, confirming an excellent reputation. The only black mark was when he held up Rosberg.*
*(photo: DPPI)*

*6. Ten laps from the end, Piquet seems to have the situation well under control, despite Alboreto catching the Brabham. Here the two of them pass the only other race leader, Rene Arnoux's abandoned Ferrari. But a puncture on the Brabham handed a deserved but lucky victory to the Italian Tyrrell driver.*
*(photo: First Line)*

*7. Ken Tyrrell, resplendent in Benetton green and pink, cheers Michele Alboreto over the line like a winning boxer. Nora Tyrrell is only slightly less expansive while Garvin Brown (left) almost forgets that he's Danny Sullivan's manager, not Michele's. Two wins in eight races: Tyrrells are back.*
*(photo: DPPI)*

*8. Alboreto celebrates his win like an old hand, not wishing to disappoint any of his sponsors. No doubt there were many wishing to support him during the off-season when Ferrari showed such interest in employing him.*
*(photo: First Line)*

# Detroit statistics

## DETROIT GRAND PRIX

**Date:** June 5 1983.
**Circuit:** Detroit.
**Circuit length:** 2.56 miles.
**Race distance:** 60 laps, 153.60 miles.
**Weather:** Hot and sunny.
**Attendance:** 75,000 spectators.

## PREVIOUS WINNERS

**1982:** Watson (McLaren)

## STARTING GRID

| | |
|---|---|
| **Arnoux**<br>**Ferrari 126C2**<br>**1'44"734 (2)** | Piquet<br>Brabham BT52-BMW<br>1'44"933 (2) |
| Tambay<br>Ferrari 126C2<br>1'45"991 (2) | De Angelis<br>Lotus 93T-Renault<br>1'46"258 (2) |
| Surer<br>Arrows A6-Cosworth<br>1'46"745 (2) | Alboreto<br>Tyrrell 011-Cosworth<br>1'47"013 (2) |
| Cheever<br>Renault RE40<br>1'47"334 (2) | De Cesaris<br>Alfa Romeo 183T<br>1'47"453 (2) |
| Warwick<br>Toleman TG183B-Hart<br>1'47"534 (2) | Boutsen<br>Arrows A6-Cosworth<br>1'47"586 (2) |
| Guerrero<br>Theodore 183-Cosworth<br>1'47"701 (2) | Rosberg<br>Williams FW08C-Cosworth<br>1'47"728 (2) |
| Prost<br>Renault RE40<br>1'47"855 (2) | Mansell<br>Lotus 92-Cosworth<br>1'48"395 (2) |
| Patrese<br>Brabham BT52-BMW<br>1'48"537 (2) | Sullivan<br>Tyrrell 011-Cosworth<br>1'48"648 (2) |
| Giacomelli<br>Toleman TG183B-Hart<br>1'48"785 (2) | Lauda<br>McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth<br>1'48"992 (2) |
| Jarier<br>Ligier JS21-Cosworth<br>1'48"994 (2) | Laffite<br>Williams FW08C-Cosworth<br>1'49"245 (2) |
| Watson<br>McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth<br>1'49"250 (2) | Winkelhock<br>ATS D6-BMW<br>1'49"466 (2) |
| Boesel<br>Ligier JS21-Cosworth<br>1'49"540 (2) | Ghinzani<br>Osella FA1E-Alfa Romeo<br>1'49"885 (2) |
| Baldi<br>Alfa Roméo 183T<br>1'49"916 (2) | Cecotto<br>Theodore 183-Cosworth<br>1'51"709 (2) |

**Did not qualify:**
Fabi/Osella FA1D-Cosworth, 1'53"516 (2)

## PROVISIONAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP POSITIONS

(After the Brazilian, Long Beach, French, San Marino, Monaco, Belgian and Detroit Grands Prix.)

| | | | | | | | | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Prost | — | — | 9 | 6 | 4 | 9 | — | 28 |
| 2. Piquet | 9 | — | 6 | — | 6 | 3 | 3 | 27 |
| 3. Tambay | 2 | — | 3 | 9 | 3 | 6 | — | 23 |
| 4. Rosberg | — | — | 2 | 3 | 9 | 2 | 6 | 22 |
| 5. Watson | — | 9 | — | 2 | — | — | 4 | 15 |
| 6. Lauda | 4 | 6 | — | — | — | — | — | 10 |
| — Laffite | 3 | 3 | 1 | — | — | 1 | 2 | 10 |
| 8. Alboreto | — | — | — | — | — | — | 9 | 9 |
| 9. Arnoux | — | 4 | — | 4 | — | — | — | 8 |
| — Cheever | — | — | 4 | — | — | 4 | — | 8 |
| 11. Surer | 1 | 2 | — | 1 | — | — | — | 4 |
| 12. Sullivan | — | — | — | — | 2 | — | — | 2 |
| 13. Cecotto | — | 1 | — | — | — | — | — | 1 |
| — Baldi | — | — | — | — | 1 | — | — | 1 |
| — Mansell | — | — | — | — | — | — | 1 | 1 |

## RESULTS

1. Alboreto/Tyrrell 011-Cosworth, 60 laps, 153.60 miles in 1 hr 50'53"669 at an average speed of 80.731 mph.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2. Rosberg | Williams FW08C-Cosworth | 7"702 behind |
| 3. Watson | McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth | 9"283 behind |
| 4. Piquet | Brabham BT52-BMW | 72"183 behind |
| 5. Laffite | Williams FW08C-Cosworth | 92"603 behind |
| 6. Mansell | Lotus 92-Cosworth | one lap behind |
| 7. Boutsen | Arrows A6-Cosworth | one lap behind |
| 8. Prost | Renault RE40 | one lap behind |
| 9. Giacomelli | Toleman TG183B-Hart | one lap behind |
| 10. Boesel | Ligier JS21-Cosworth | two laps behind |
| 11. Surer | Arrows A6-Cosworth | two laps behind |
| 12. Baldi | Alfa Romeo 183T | four laps behind |

**Finished, not classified:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Guerrero | Theodore | 183-Cosworth | 22 laps behind |

**Fastest lap:** Watson/McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth, 1'47"668 on lap 55, an average speed of 83.151 mph.

## CONSTRUCTOR'S WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. Renault 36 p; 2. Williams 32 p; 3. Ferrari 31 p; Brabham 27 p; 5. McLaren 25 p; 6. Tyrrell 11 p; 7. Arrows 4 p; 8. Alfa Romeo 1 p; Theodore 1 p; Lotus 1 p.

## OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

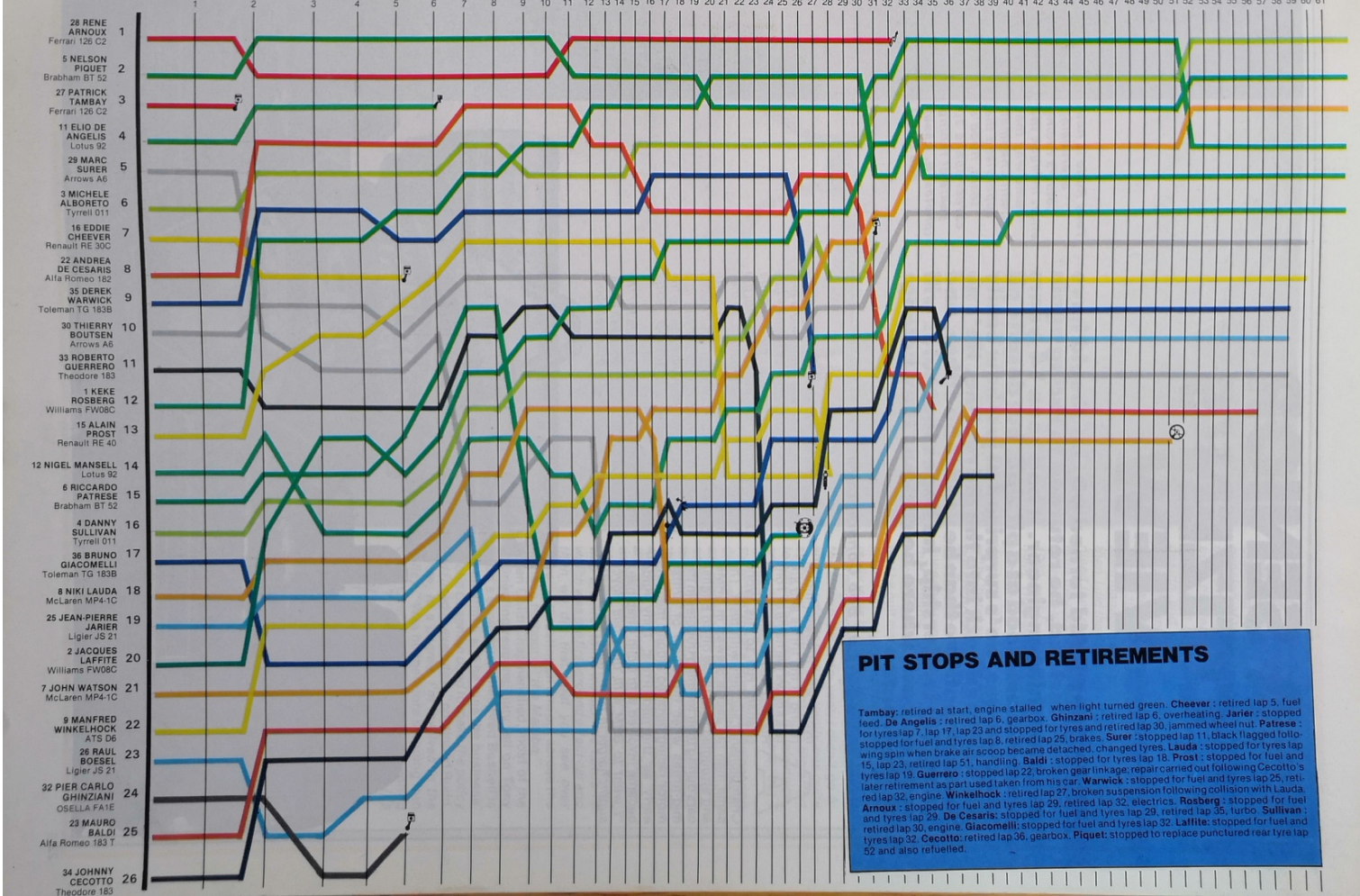
| | Unofficial practice 1 | Official practice 1 | Unofficial practice 2 | Official practice 2 | Warm-up Sunday |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **1. Rosberg** | 2'03"998 | 2'06"382 | 1'47"992 | **1'47"728** | 1'49"847 |
| **2. Laffite** | 2'02"401 | 2'13"080 | 1'47"310 | **1'49"245** | 1'52"010 |
| **3. Alboreto** | 2'03"794 | 2'08"198 | 1'45"571 | **1'47"013** | 1'50"201 |
| **4. Sullivan** | 2'07"932 | 2'18"758 | 1'47"546 | **1'48"648** | 1'52"187 |
| **5. Piquet** | 2'09"526 | 2'11"506 | 1'45"043 | **1'44"933** | 1'51"370 |
| **6. Patrese** | 2'13"451 | 2'17"489 | 1'48"330 | **1'48"537** | 1'51"806 |
| **7. Watson** | 2'03"200 | 2'10"632 | 1'48"440 | **1'49"250** | 1'51"980 |
| **8. Lauda** | 2'05"060 | 2'09"019 | 1'50"195 | **1'48"992** | 1'52"462 |
| **9. Winkelhock** | 2'10"080 | 2'12"092 | 1'48"952 | **1'49"466** | 1'51"865 |
| **11. De Angelis** | 2'01"269 | 2'09"601 | 1'46"241 | **1'46"258** | 1'52"594 |
| **12. Mansell** | 2'06"986 | 2'07"792 | 1'46"665 | **1'48"395** | 1'53"278 |
| **15. Prost** | 2'03"733 | 2'15"731 | 1'46"223 | **1'47"855** | 1'51"888 |
| **16. Cheever** | 2'02"232 | 2'08"418 | 1'46"528 | **1'47"334** | 1'48"855 |
| **22. De Cesaris** | 2'04"681 | 2'08"034 | 1'46"623 | **1'47"453** | 1'50"284 |
| **23. Baldi** | 2'06"198 | 2'11"169 | 1'50"973 | **1'49"916** | 1'53"342 |
| **25. Jarier** | 2'02"277 | 2'07"652 | 1'47"409 | **1'48"994** | 1'52"197 |
| **26. Boesel** | 2'07"871 | 2'12"164 | 1'48"969 | **1'49"540** | 1'52"967 |
| **27. Tambay** | 2'02"832 | 2'10"994 | 1'47"109 | **1'45"991** | 1'48"963 |
| **28. Arnoux** | 2'03"377 | 2'08"851 | 1'47"723 | **1'44"734** | 1'48"578 |
| **29. Surer** | 2'02"493 | 2'09"292 | 1'46"752 | **1'46"745** | 1'51"331 |
| **30. Boutsen** | 2'04"277 | 2'11"107 | 1'47"368 | **1'47"586** | 1'51"073 |
| **31. Fabi** | 2'03"636 | 2'15"085 | 1'53"115 | **1'53"516** | —'—"— |
| **32. Ghinzani** | 2'08"969 | 2'15"556 | 1'50"905 | **1'49"885** | 1'55"193 |
| **33. Guerrero** | 2'03"468 | 2'08"496 | 1'47"603 | **1'47"701** | 1'52"145 |
| **34. Cecotto** | 2'05"254 | 2'14"547 | 1'50"651 | **1'51"709** | 1'53"306 |
| **35. Warwick** | 2'02"828 | —'—"— | 1'48"269 | **1'47"534** | 1'50"733 |
| **36. Giacomelli** | 2'02"435 | 2'13"205 | 1'47"555 | **1'48"785** | 1'53"078 |

**Note:** Warwick's fastest time (2'11"428) in the first official session was withdrawn when his Toleman-Hart was found to be too wide by 9 mm on one particular part of the bodywork, and 8 mm too wide at one particular point on the rear wing.

## THEIR FASTEST RACE LAPS

| | |
|---|---|
| **Watson** | 1'47"668 (55) |
| **Rosberg** | 1'47"969 (55) |
| **Piquet** | 1'48"332 (46) |
| **Alboreto** | 1'48"443 (54) |
| **Arnoux** | 1'48"934 (23) |
| **Laffite** | 1'49"252 (28) |
| **Jarier** | 1'49"340 (21) |
| **Warwick** | 1'49"351 (20) |
| **De Cesaris** | 1'49"423 (27) |
| **Surer** | 1'49"807 (57) |
| **Mansell** | 1'50"029 (36) |
| **Sullivan** | 1'50"088 (26) |
| **Giacomelli** | 1'50"150 (41) |
| **Boutsen** | 1'50"296 (21) |
| **Guerrero** | 1'50"351 (36) |
| **Prost** | 1'50"555 (29) |
| **Lauda** | 1'51"318 (17) |
| **Cecotto** | 1'51"768 (34) |
| **Boesel** | 1'51"804 (56) |
| **Patrese** | 1'52"031 (05) |
| **Winkelhock** | 1'52"093 (19) |
| ***De Angelis*** | *1'52"584 (04)* |
| ***Baldi*** | *1'53"198 (44)* |
| ***Cheever*** | *1'53"198 (44)* |
| ***Ghinzani*** | *1'55"000 (04)* |
| ***Tambay*** | —'—"— |

# -Lap by lap - Giro per giro - Runde um runde - Tour par tour - Vuelta a vuelta - Ro




## PIT STOPS AND RETIREMENTS

**Tambay:** retired at start, engine stalled when light turned green. **Cheever :** retired lap 5, fuel feed. **De Angelis :** retired lap 6, gearbox. **Ghinzani :** retired lap 6, overheating. **Jarier :** stopped for tyres lap 7, lap 17, lap 23 and stopped for tyres and retired lap 30, jammed wheel nut. **Patrese :** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 8, retired lap 25, brakes. **Surer :** stopped lap 11, black flagged following spin when brake air scoop became detached, changed tyres. **Lauda :** stopped for tyres lap 15, lap 23, retired lap 51, handling. **Baldi :** stopped for tyres lap 18. **Prost :** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 19. **Guerrero :** stopped lap 22, broken gear linkage, repair carried out following Cecotto's later retirement as part used taken from his car. **Warwick :** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 25, retired lap 32, engine. **Winkelhock :** retired lap 27, broken suspension following collision with Lauda. **Arnoux :** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 29, retired lap 32, electrics. **Rosberg :** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 29. **De Cesaris:** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 29, retired lap 35, turbo. **Sullivan :** retired lap 30, engine. **Giacomelli:** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 32. **Laffite:** stopped for fuel and tyres lap 32. **Cecotto:** retired lap 36, gearbox. **Piquet:** stopped to replace punctured rear tyre lap 52 and also refuelled.

# A SENIOR CITIZEN'S VIEW

**When Tony Rudd turned 60, he should have retired. Instead, he returned to racing again as Lotus chief engineer. It had been 14 years since he last stood at a pit wall, but despite all the changes, he's surprised at just how easily he's slipped back into the old routine. He's no less competitive than he used to be either, and under his leadership, he hopes that Lotus will soon be back where he reckons they belong: at the front.**

*by Bob Constanduros*

Anyone who followed motor racing in the fifties and sixties knows the name of Tony Rudd. It was he who guided Graham Hill to his World Championship success with BRM. The same man ran Jackie Stewart in BRMs, and struggled with those oh-so English cars during their teething troubles in the mid-fifties when the whole of British motor racing revolved around them. As early as the mid-fifties, Tony Rudd became involved with Colin Chapman.

*"I went to BRM with the Rolls Royce supercharger in 1951. Rolls Royce were changing over from air piston engines to gas turbines, and I was promised a project manager's job on one of the new gas turbines. But Rolls Royce couldn't quite decide whether there was a market for the engine or not. I got a bit impatient, so they sent me to BRM to see what were the problems with the turbocharger. I quite liked it there, so as Rolls Royce weren't in a position to commit themselves on the turbine programme, I joined BRM permanently.*

*"To start with, I was responsible for the preparation of the racing cars. I was assistant team manager really, but after about two years, I was made responsible for engine development, running the test beds and testing the engines. Then Colin Chapman came and sorted out the suspension of the type 25 BRM and we formed a relationship that was to last right up to his death.*

*"I became responsible for BRM car design and development and engine development in 1956, although I wasn't responsible for engine design or policy. Then in 1962, I became chief engineer and team manager, and I ran the whole of BRM then. I did the deals with the drivers, organised the travel, supervised design and built the cars. Those were in the days of Graham Hill's World Championship in 1962, and Jackie Stewart drove for us in 1965. They were the good days."*

In the summer of 1969, Rudd left BRM and went to Lotus, having already done a deal with Chapman. *"The idea was that I was going to try and set Lotus up as an engine manufacturer. They had an engine designed and I completed the development of that engine, then set up a facility to machine and assemble it."* It was then that he quit motor racing. *"I was quite surprised when I gave up racing that I didn't really miss it. I had to give it up totally; it was no good dabbling at it. So apart from the British GP every year, I didn't go to another motor race. My family was quite surprised. They would make a big effort to watch the various races on television, and I would watch if they were, but I wouldn't make a big effort."*

From 1970 to 1974, Rudd was engineering director of Lotus Cars but when there was a re-organisation in 1974, he become chief engineer for the group, a job that put him in touch with various projects throughout the company. *"What I used to do was pick a project team from throughout the group and whatever new model Colin Chapman wanted, we used to produce, whether it was a passenger car like the Esprit which was the first thing we did, the Lotus 78 which was the first ground effect car and then we did that boat you see over there"*—thrusting an arm out across the Monaco harbour—*"the Mamba."*

When Colin Chapman died, most of the engineering responsibility fell on Tony Rudd's shoulders, while Fred Bushell is the chairman and he runs the business. *"Colin Chapman used to make the policy and I used to execute it,"* continued Rudd. *"Now, to a degree, I'm involved in the policy."* Was he therefore stepping into Colin Chapman's shoes in engineering terms ? *"I don't think anybody could. It's a bit of a hard act to follow."*

One of the responsabilities that he took on was the racing side. At 60, when most people think of retiring, he was to return to the sport which he left quite happily and without any regrets 14 years previously. *"I wasn't quite sure about coming back to the circuits. I am now, but when it was first suggested I just looked on it as another job. I was quite surprised when I came back just how quickly I fell back into the old routine and how much I enjoyed it. It was a big shock. I started at Long Beach, I jumped in at the deep end really."*

The question begged, had it changed for the better ? But Tony Rudd wasn't going to be drawn on that one. *"I made a rule with myself years ago that I would never be like the old buffers who say, 'it's not*

*Tony Rudd is now overseeing Lotus's racing effort in much the same way that Colin Chapman supervised the team. Rudd's career spans 30 years of racing (photos: B. Asset and DPPI)*

as good as it used to be.' I don't want to break that rule." Perhaps one of the reasons was that he was actually responsible for some of those changes. "I am one of the founders of the Formula One Constructors Association," he revealed. "FOCA was really founded in November 1964. Jack Brabham, Colin Chapman, John Cooper and myself were invited to meet the FIA in Paris to discuss the new formula, to give our views. And we said, 'while we're all together. why don't we put the world to rights ?' and we started to make agreements between ourselves, to negotiate for start money and things like that. That's really when it all began."

But Tony Rudd would talk about the changes that had been made. His own chosen field of engineering for instance. "It used to be one of my great ambitions to design the car that won the World Championship. I came fairly near to it in 1964, but you couldn't do it these days. There's a team to design the engine, a team to design the chassis and suspension, and a team to design the gearbox. Some of the really exotic methods and processes that go on these days are most impressive." If that sounds as if Tony Rudd came back to motor racing with little idea of modern racing, that isn't the case.

"We did the 78, so I was in on all that. I wasn't completely green when I came back. I've kept in touch with motor racing, and Colin used to talk to me about the problems. We used to discuss the sport together when we met socially. All sorts of decision policy instructions used to get issued and we used to discuss whether they applied to the Formula One cars."

One of the major differences in the sport is the budget available. "When I gave up motor racing, sponsors had only just appeared. Now, of course, the teams have so much more money to spend. In my day, a season's budget was around £100,000. These days, it's around £5,000,000. And that is reflected in the cars : the engineering is that much more detailed and exotic. There are all these exotic materials - and the lengths that people will go to : I was intrigued to see people chilling the fuel before putting it in the car.

"When I was at BRM, we used to say 'I wish we could do this or that, but we can't afford to.' For instance, Peter Wright worked with me at BRM and we had a car shaped like an inverted wing even in those days, but although we had it two thirds built, we were never sure if we could afford to go the whole way."

Motorhomes, scores of mechanics and engines in abundance must have seemed luxurious to Tony Rudd when he returned. "Yes, the motorhomes are fabulous. In my day, we didn't have such things. You sent the truck driver into the town to buy some stuff and you used to get a primitive form of sandwich in the back of the truck.

"I'm not sure that the number of mechanics is a luxury. John Cooper said to me one day, 'you'll never win races while you've got an army of mechanics. If you have one man to one car, you can hold him responsible for everything that goes wrong.' And one of the first things I did when I started to run BRM was to design and replan everything so that you could have one mechanic to look after the car. We used to have one man on the car, an engine man and a gearbox man, and we became very reliable."

**Tony Rudd, left, and his colleagues from Lotus. Since interviewing Rudd for this article, he has added Gerard Ducarouge to the team's strength (photos: B. Asset and DPPI)**

But in case the Lotus men fear for their jobs, and the idea should catch on, Tony Rudd concedes that "you couldn't do that now, of course."

But there are one or two things that Lotus's chief engineer doesn't agree with. "I'm not sure I like this business of qualifying tyres and race tyres. I think it would be better if you qualified on the tyres you were going to race on, but I suppose it's the same for everyone. I haven't really been back long enough yet to set the world to rights. And I think it's a bit noisier than it used to be."

But there are a number of surprises too. "The business of changing an engine the night before a race, that's a new one. You wouldn't dream of a morning warm-up in the old days for fear of breaking the car. And the mechanics can change an engine at an incredible rate these days. That really is a big surprise."

Of course, one of the most intriguing subjects is just how the drivers have changed. "I don't think they have, fundamentally. They're probably rather more professional - but not a lot. They've nearly all got an aeroplane, they arrive with a briefcase, an entourage, a doctor and a manager and so on. They're much less visible now. You don't see things like Graham Hill walking down from the Hotel de Paris here at Monaco carrying his helmet bag. Admittedly, he very nearly got mobbed.

"I rather feel that these days, motor racing is an entertainment and they're the stars. They should be seen by the public a bit more. They seem to get an adequate salary for what they do. But the public has changed too. I thought it was terrible when Lauda was booed by the public when he didn't qualify at Monaco. That really offended me because if ever there's bloke who puts 100 per cent into his racing, it's him.

"These days, the drivers seem to have a different relationship with the team. In my day, the drivers used to spend most of one day in between races in the factory or in my house or in my office, discussing what we were going to do, planning the future and so on. That relationship doesn't appear to exist now. We used to spend weekends away together, things like that. We were so involved in motor racing that we would talk about it all the time. Nobody seemed to mind. The wives didn't mind.

"These days the driver appears after practice, you have a formal debrief, you converse together and you may even have a social evening together, but you don't talk much shop. Perhaps the driver will whisper that maybe a gear ratio might be changed, something that which suddenly comes into his head, but there doesn't seem to be the intimacy between drivers and engineers that there used to be.

"There was this colossal relationship between Colin Chapman and Jimmy Clark for instance. It paid off. I used to have a similar understanding with Graham and in a different form with Jackie Stewart. The result was that you knew how one another thought, you knew how each other would react to a situation. You could anticipate things. It simplified pit signalling like nobody's business because we used to talk race tactics through. It was never really necessary to give a driver instructions during the race. Only once did I give a driver a slow down signal during a race. I used to pass the driver the information - we had already discussed contingencies and tactics - and we would go ahead with it. We used to have long detailed discussions about it all."

Was there any particular race that Tony Rudd enjoyed. "I liked them all really, I just liked some more than others. This one here, at Monaco, was one of my favourites. The first time I came here in 1956 I was very irritated with the way that they closed the circuit and all the problems associated with cramming a race into such a small place. Those problems seem to have got a bit bigger. Monza I used to enjoy too. It's surprising how it doesn't seem that I've been away from it at all."

At 60, the hectic life of Grand Prix racing folk could be utterly exhausting. "Yes, I suppose it is a young man's sport. But you can substitute experience and ingenuity to save your energy. I've still got my other jobs, so I have to sandwich those in between. The business of FOCA flights which get you back the night after the race is very useful because the next morning you're back at the factory. It's also recognised that I've got other responsibilities so the place is organised for me so that I don't waste any time."

A magazine once called Tony Rudd 'an unflappable perfectionist' much to the amusement of his wife, who found the word 'nit-picking' more appropriate. However, the man himself seems to have lost none of his desire to succeed while his decisions and policies will be closely allied to those of Colin Chapman.

Tony Rudd admits to having learned a lot from Chapman. "One of his very great abilities as an engineer was to reduce a problem to its absolute bedrock, the basic terms : what are we trying to do ? He was very good at that. I learned to analyse the problem and simplify it out.

"We had a way of working and living together. He, of course, knew a great deal about composites and plastics, what John Cooper and I would irreverently refer to as shredded wheat. He was very able in that field.

"He would recognise, I think, that I had more knowledge on engines and transmissions and castings, so he used to defer me on that. But when it came to suspension systems and vehicle dynamics, we used to fight like cat and dog. I used to reckon that in my BRM days I had learned quite a bit about it. But generally, we agreed on the route to the solution and we agreed on the solution. It used to be some of the details we would argue about.

"There were differences but basically we had the same approach to things. However, I often used to be accused of chosing a more extravagant route because I'd worked for Rolls Royce. But we got on very well together, I learned a lot from him, and hopefully we'll get the organisation back to the stage when everybody else used to debate as to who was coming third. You'll hear me ripping into the engineering staff like any other designer or engineer eager to succeed. There's no earthly use being complacent and finish ing fifth. There is only one place to finish, and that's first."

Clearly age has not dulled Tony Rudd's aims. He's been through those difficult years of BRM which resulted in the taste of success. Age doesn't dull the test buds either. □

*Show me your plane, and I'll tell you who you are! Well, some of the Grand Prix drivers have more distinctive planes than others. Thierry Boutsen, a beginner in F1, takes lessons from a friend, while Keke Rosberg has his own pilot and a plane decorated with his racing helmet. No matter, both Thierry and Keke enjoy their hobby.*
*(photos : First Line and IPA)*

# FLYING HIGH

**They fly along the track; they fly through the sky. Hand and eye need the same skills, machine and man the same intimate relationship. Our four flyers are Niki Lauda, Keke Rosberg, Jean-Pierre Jarier and Nigel Mansell and here they tell us what it means to them.**

*by Jeff Hutchinson*

Flying light aircraft and driving Grand Prix cars could hardly be described as being similar occupations, yet the pilots in the sky and the *pilotes* of the race tracks share an uncanny similarity in their work. They are the same breed of men, even if their chosen professions are worlds apart and not even on the same level of the planet they share.

Both need a cool head, fast reflexes, good co-ordination, concentration and complete faith in the machinery they control. Because of that, it's not surprising that so many Grand Prix drivers past and present have been drawn towards flying, while the very nature of the beast has seen former Grand Prix drivers Graham Hill, Harald Ertl and Carlos Pace lose their lives to aviation. Unlike grand prix racing, aviation rarely gives the foolhardy, or those who make a mistake, a second chance.

A grid of Grand Prix drivers is rarely without its *pilotes* who pilot and this year there are four drivers who fly themselves to many of the races and, despite their busy schedules, have taken the time to learn the skills of flying; they are men for whom flying, besides offering convenience and status, has become an important part of their lives.

They are: Niki Lauda, who jets himself from place to place at the controls of a Falcon 10; Keke Rosberg, who does likewise with his recently acquired Piper Cheyenne turbo-prop; Jean-Pierre Jarier who recently traded his Beechcraft Baron for a Cessna 340; and Nigel Mansell who rents several different types of twin-engined aircraft for all his travelling needs. For Lauda aviation has grown into a second profession. For Rosberg it has become an enjoyable practical addition to his World Champion's life-style, to Jarier it's the ultimate toy, which he can justify through his racing. To Mansell it's a convenience that allows him the luxury of living far from the crowded mainland of England and its International airports. To each, flying means different things, but share the same passion for the challenges it brings and the freedom it gives; and all of them see flying too as a way to withdraw from the pressures of their trade.

Niki Lauda's white Falcon 10 with its familiar dayglo orange chevron stripes on its tail might have the registration OE-GAG, but there are few professional pilots who take their flying any more seriously than Niki Lauda: his racing helmet even carries the colours of his own aviation company "Lauda Air".

First drawn to aviation by flying with a friend to some of the races, Niki put in his

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first flying time in 1974/5. His rise up the aviation ladder since then has been almost as meteoric as his career as Grand Prix driver.

*"At the beginning I tried three times before I got my private licence on a single engine place, because I never had the time to take the licence,"* recalls Niki. By the time he had actually gotten his licence, Lauda was in fact, already a considerably experienced pilot; he did most of the flying in a variety of planes while his 'pilot' sat there twiddling his thumbs. Once he had his private pilot's licence, he soon took his multi-engine rating. The next step was a month off racing for a concentrated course to earn the difficult instrument rating licence. By this time he was already flying several hundred hours a year at the controls of his own Cessna 421 executive twin. The Cessna was traded for a Citation jet at the start of 1977, just before Niki earned his instrument rating and radio licence.

*"I must have been the only private pilot flying around the world without an instrument rating or radio licence, that's for sure,"* recalls Niki with a grin. *"Because I was officially the co-pilot and I had a captain in the left seat it was possible; but finally after flying around half a year like this I did my instrument and radio licence. Then I started studying for the long range navigation examination which is required for the Air Transport licence. It was really hard. You even had to learn how to use a sextant, for God's sake! I failed twice, but I got it in the end. Then all I needed was flying time: a total of 1,500 hours before I could get my ATP rating. As soon as I had put in the hours, I got the rating right away."*

By 1978 he had progressed to a Lear jet type 36, again flying as co-pilot, for Austrian regulations prevented him flying under commercial licences until he had several hundred hours in the aircraft.

By 1979 Lauda's interest in commercial aviation was growing and he expanded his flying into a Fokker F 27 and was often co-pilot to his own Lauda Air charters from Austria to the various Grand Prix venues.

By 1980, having retired from Grand Prix racing to concentrate full time on his aviation interests he was still flying a great deal in the Fokker and the newly acquired Falcon 20 and Falcon 10. For the next two years, plans to build a private airline, whose fleet would have included a DC10, were blocked at every turn by opposition from the government-backed Austrian Airlines.

*"I really enjoyed the business side of flying. If somebody had told me don't try and do what I did, I would still have gone ahead, even though it ended up costing me a lot of money. Now I know for myself it's impossible to set up private opposition to a government-backed national airline."*

By 1982 Lauda was ready to return to motor racing, leasing his two Fokkers in Egypt and retaining the two Falcon jets for charter work around Europe. In reallty, the Falcon 20 spends most of its hours as Niki's personal transport.

His experiences have left him no less enthusiastic about flying. *"For me it's the perfect way to relax away from the race track."* Is there any similarity between the two? *"No, nothing"*, says Niki, *"flying is following a carefully-worked-out set of rules and is easy. Driving itself has a lot more pressure. It's getting yourself into a chaotic situation and somehow finding your way out. You should never do this in an aeroplane if you want to fly properly. I suppose if something did go really wrong in the airplane, I might be a bit calmer than somebody else because I am used to that in a car, but you hope that never happens."*

It did happen once however, when Niki was flying the Lear out of Klagenfurt on a wet and cold day. *"I got up to six thousand feet between the mountains, tried to make a turn and found the controls were frozen. As we began to descend, the controls unfroze again and the plane nearly tipped on its back. I was scared for a moment, I can tell you!"*

Needless to say, he and his co-pilot landed safely. It was discovered that the gap seal between the ailerons had frozen. *"After that, Lear changed the sealing system,"* recounts Niki. What does flying mean most to Niki Lauda? *"To be able to walk up to an aircraft full of aggression or whatever, see it and switch yourself off. You come right back down to earth. Before you even touch the controls you go over the check list and you are back in a different world, doing what you are supposed to do. Without that kind of stability, you could go crazy just thinking about racing and nothing else."*

The kind of stability that flying can bring to the hectic enviroment of Grand Prix racing had a big influence on Keke Rosberg's life. *"I suppose I have to say it made a serious man out of me,"* admits Keke. That in turn gave him a more objective view on the other areas of life. *"The first thing I remember about learning to fly was that it was a very serious business and you cannot afford to be wild or crazy in an aeroplane.*

*"I first got the flying bug when I flew around to a couple of races in small planes and realized how convenient it was. Until that moment, I never thought it was something anybody could do. It wasn't until I went into the costs involved that I realised that anybody can afford to learn to fly it they really want to."*

With several months free at the end of his 1980 season with Fittipaldi, Keke went to California for a concentrated course of flight training. By the end of his stay two months later, he was flying around in his own Piper turbo Arrow single engine aircraft. *"It was such a fantastic feeling to be able to walk out to the plane and fly to Phoenix or Las Vegas whenever I wanted to. By that time I was really hooked. It had been hard work going back to school again, but it was a completely new world and something that I really enjoyed. It was also the best way I could have found completely to take my mind off what I do for a living and relax. That was and is the biggest positive asset."*

Did being a driver make the flying easier? *"No, I don't think so. I have grown up with cars and everything I do in a car is second nature. In a plane I had to learn every little thing and I still have to think carefully about what I do in a plane now,"* says Keke. He has notched up almost 400 hours of private flying since he started, and his pleasure is still obvious. *"I really enjoy the challenge of flying. Every flight is a challenge: to make the flight perfect in every respect. I have to prepare myself mentally for every flight; and if I don't think I am in the right mental state to go flying I leave the flying to my pilot. He always travels with me; he is always there when I need him. I am still learning a lot about flying, especially with such an advanced plane as the Cheyenne, which is a fabulous plane to fly."*

Keke had soon tired of the Arrow. It was sold and replaced with a Seneca II twin after he got his twin-engine rating in Europe, a few months after his single engine licence. In 1982 he flew himself to most of the races.

As the reigning World Champion, Keke uses his aircraft a great deal for business trips between races as well as snatching the odd few days at his holiday home in Ibiza. Without their own planes, neither he nor Lauda would find it possible. *"We will probably log around 350 hours this year, which is close to 100,000 miles,"* says Keke.

Because his trips often mean being met by sponsors or TV crews and photographers, Keke is conscious of the impression he makes. He has had the plane repainted in an attractive metallic dark grey with silver decorative stripes, while on the tail sits his helmet logo and his registration number: N82WC, for 82 World Champion, instead of 82 Whiskey-Charlie.

*"I would like to go further up the ladder in flying, but I don't have the time to do all the things I would like to do, like getting a sea-plane rating, which would be fantastic to use in Finland,"* says Keke. *"That would be real fun flying. Learning to fly is certainly the best thing I have ever done outside motor racing. I can combine my hobby with work, the two go very well together. I don't have any ambitions to get a jet like Niki. I wouldn't be able to justify it, unless it was on a commercial basis and I have no desire to go into aviation when I retire. My talents lie in other areas."*

Keke sees himself continuing flying long after he retires to keep up with his business life, but he will always keep a pilot with him to take care of all the paperwork involved in flying even if he does most of the flying himself. *"Filing flight plans and rushing from one building to the next for weather and passports is a side of flying I don't enjoy. It's nice to have a pilot to do all that."* For those short hops around

→

***When you win two World Championships, Keke, you get one of these! Niki Lauda's Falcon 10 is painted in dayglo red, a tie-up with Marlboro perhaps? Typically, Niki's aviation enterprise is efficient and professional, a reward for those similar qualities on the track. (photos: IPA)***

England however, Keke plans to take his helicopter licence this winter. *"That's something I would also like to do."* Besides the practical uses of his own plane, what does flying give him that other things do not? *"When you leave England on a grey, foggy day and climb up a few thousand feet into bright sunshine and sit just above the clouds, it gives me a feeling I cannot explain. A great thrill and enjoyment combined with a great feeling of relaxation and inner satisfaction that makes you feel good about everything."*

Jean-Pierre Jarier's love affair with the sky began at 16 years of age when he took up gliding while still at school. It was not until he became involved in motor racing that he had the opportunity to fly powered aircraft, and in 1973, with his ex-F3 team mate Etienne Vigoreux, flew to many of the F2 races together, with Jean-Pierre often at the controls.

*"I took my licence at that time, and when I joined Matra in 1974 I was able to afford my first airplane, a little Cherokee Challenger. I soon realised that with a plane like that it wasn't possible to make serious long journeys, so I bought a Twin Comanche. After flying with François Cevert in an Aztec and later in a Navajo,*

*I realised that even the Twin Comanche was not the best plane to be flying around in when the weather was bad, even though by that time I had got my instrument rating. I used to leave for all the races a day in advance so I could be sure of getting there on time."*

In 1976, when he was driving for the Shadow team, things got tough financially and he was forced to sell the Comanche, but with a friend he went into partnership in old single engined Beechcraft Debonair; he was still able to satisfy his passion.

Later, the two friends went into partnership with a Beechcraft Baron, a six-seat high horsepower twin, but it was always giving a lot of mechanical problems and spent more time in the repair shop than it did in the air. Despite that, Jean-Pierre managed to fit in a commercial licence to add to his other ratings. Not content with just straight flying, he tried his hand at helicopters; he got his licence for rotor wing flying in 1977. Since getting his licence, he has had very little opportunity to fly helicopters; one of his rare trips ended up with Jean-Pierre parked in a field half way between Paris and Dijon: engine troubles had caused him to make a forced landing.

Only recently has he bought the aeroplane of his dreams, a pressurised Cessna 340. It may not be in the class of Rosberg's Cheyenne, but it is an aircraft that fits his needs perfectly at the moment.

*"I can fly in bad weather and get up high enough to avoid the storms. It has radar and all the instruments and capabilities I need to fly anywhere without trouble. Of course, a plane like Keke's would be fabulous, but for me the 340 is perfect and more affordable. When I am World Champion, then..."*

Although Jean-Pierre could do all the flying he needs to do without taking the airline transport rating, which he is doing at present, he finds the challenge of flying to a professional standard both rewarding in itself and helpful in improving his ability as a pilot.

*"Everyone needs an interest outside of Formula One. For me it's flying. The two go very well together. I am sure that if, for example, one percent of all normal working men were capable of becoming drivers, the percentage amongst pilots would be ten times greater. I am sure that if I had never become a racing driver, I would have been a pilot,"* says Jarier.

Unlike his fellow driver pilots, Jean-Pierre feels that flying is a big help towards his mental state in driving. *"In flying, you must always keep cool. That helps in motor racing, especially in private testing, when you can approach problems with a cool head; just as you would in an aircraft. It's very important. It's a school for keeping cool, if you like."* Anything that flies gives Jarier tremendous satisfaction. Much of his flying is for pure pleasure: like getting his type-rating for a Harvard, the old military training plane during the war; or his latest acquisition, a motorised ultralight. About the latter, he admits he has not yet had the courage to fly it, for fear of an accident that would jeopardise his F1 career.

While he shows little fear in a racing car, he has both fear and respect in aircraft. *"In a racing car, it's not the same thing. You have a moment of fear and it's over. In an aircraft, the fear can go on for an hour or more, depending on the situation; you have the time to consider it. That's much more difficult than F1, especially for the nerves."*

He also feels that the co-ordination and reactions needed to be a good driver were a big help in learning to fly. *"I found it very easy to learn, although helicopters were a bit more difficult,"* he admits. With 1000 hours already logged in different aircraft, he still has the urge to try any new aspect of flying that he has not yet tried. *"When I stop racing and have more time, I would like to try plane-racing perhaps, seaplanes, or anything else that I have not done. While I have a good racing car, flying has to take second place."* His schedule may be busy, but Jean-Pierre still manages to put in almost as many hours in the cockpit of his treasured Cessna as he gets in the cockpit of his Ligier.

Nigel Mansell has had an interest in aircraft since he was a small boy. Unlike many other people he has been fortunate enough to realise his boyhood dreams.

***Not surprisingly, Jarier has caught the flying bug. A lover of the sea and wide open spaces, he has progressed rapidly through the various tests and licences required for flying. (photos: IPA)***

That was on a day in 1979 when he signed up for flying lessons at Birmingham airport. *"I decided to go there because you get experience with jets landing and a busy traffic situation which makes you listen to the radio more than you would at a local grass strip."*

*"For me, flying was the easy part. It was the studying for the exams which I found difficult; driving and studying don't go well together. I really enjoyed the landings. For me, that's the biggest thrill of flying."* Being a racing driver can sometimes be a disadvantage when learning to fly. *"I remember when I was doing my flight test, the instructor kept putting the plane into a spin situation. My natural instinct was to correct it. In the end, he planted his foot on the rudder so I couldn't do anything and sent me into a real good spin and said O.K., now take over."*

What had started out as a fun challenge and a hobby soon became a practical help in his travel plans and after getting his twin-rating last year, Nigel has been flying a variety of rented twin-engined aircraft to most of the European races. But flying privately is not always perfect. Mechanical problems have caused long delays, and some rough weather flights (with the aid of a more experienced pilot) have left Nigel wondering whether he wouldn't have been better off at 40,000 feet sipping a drink in the back of a Boeing 747.

*"When it's a nice day and everything is going well, then you cannot beat flying your own plane. But I am not too keen on flying in bad weather.*

*"Flying manually on instruments takes as much concentration as driving a Grand Prix car and for much longer periods of time. It's a thing I don't really enjoy, but it must be good training for concentration in a race. I really love flying, but at the same time I have mixed feelings about it. For a short hop in good weather it's great, but coming home from Imola for instance, we had to wait an hour for take-off clearance and then it was a long flight. We probably would have got there much faster on a commercial flight. That's when flying stops being convenient and fun."*

Living on the Isle of Man, flying has become almost an essential part of Nigel's life. Mind you, getting there at a certain time in almost any weather means taking a more experienced pilot with him. That is not as much fun as island-hopping in the Caribbean or recently flying in the U.S.A.

*"That was really good. If ever I was to stop motor racing, that kind of flying would appeal to me. In the States, everything is so much more geared to general aviation and so much easier."*

Like his fellow drivers, Mansell still finds flying a natural form of relaxation out of a racing car: *"Sitting above the clouds and seeing maybe 50 miles ahead to some mountains sticking up through the clouds is just a fantastic thing. It certainly helps put you in the right kind of mood for all the problems you might have waiting for you back on the ground."* □

## BOW WAVE

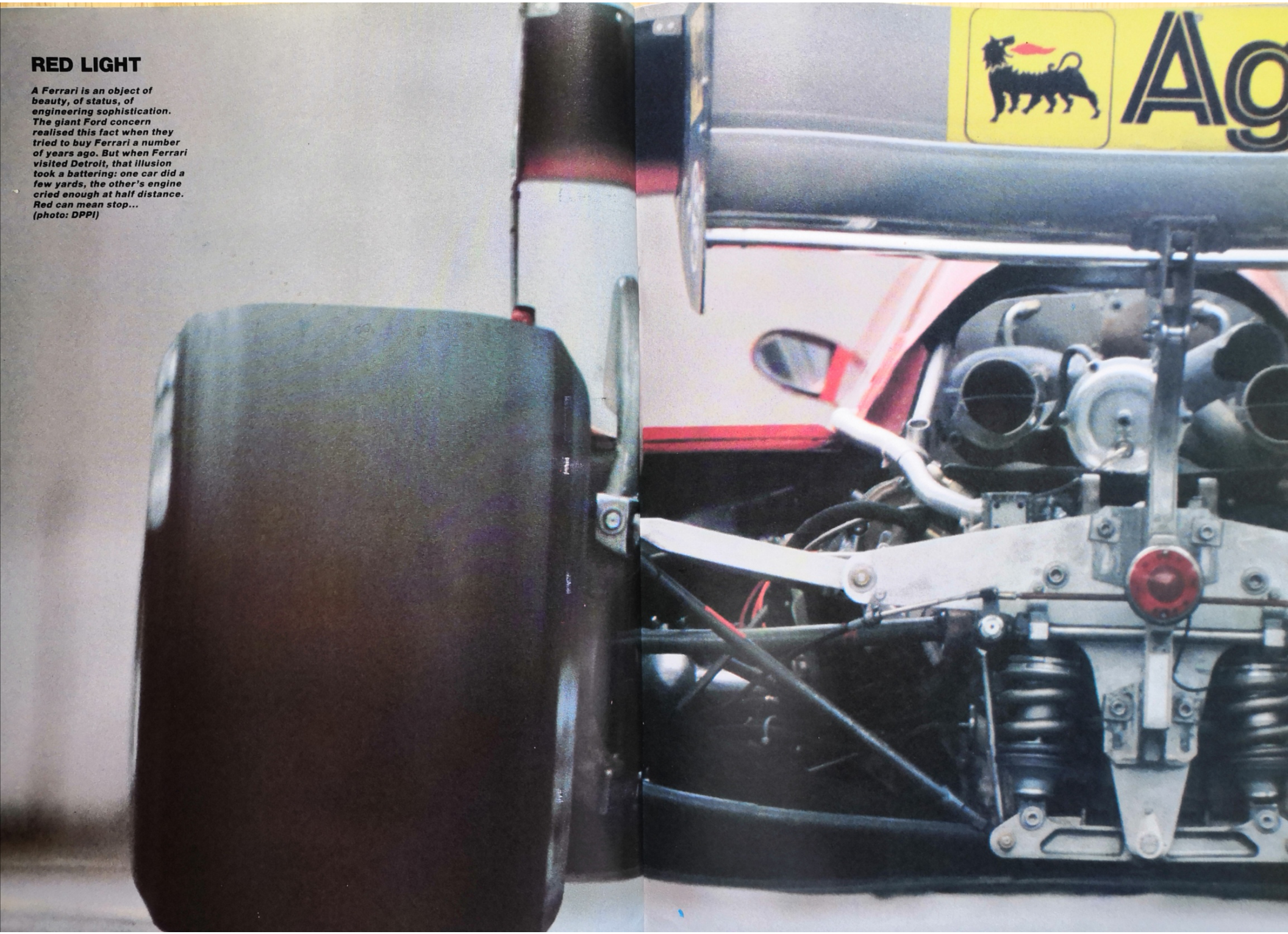
***The Toleman drivers have a certain reputation to maintain. Ted Toleman, Alex Hawkridge's Toleman partner, is an offshore powerboat racer, so driving in the wet is his speciality. At Detroit, the Toleman drivers splashed around this inshore course as best as they could, complete with bow waves and rooster tails. (photo: DPPI)***

## BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE...

*Clearly, there are circuit architects... and circuit architects. Some find attractive, classic cities like Monaco for their locations, others less pleasingly aesthetic sites such as Detroit. But contrast is what it's all about. A calendar full of Monacos might be exhausting and devaluing. Every sporting calendar has its Detroits and its contrasts. Rather like the baboon, someone finds it beautiful. (photo: B. Asset)*

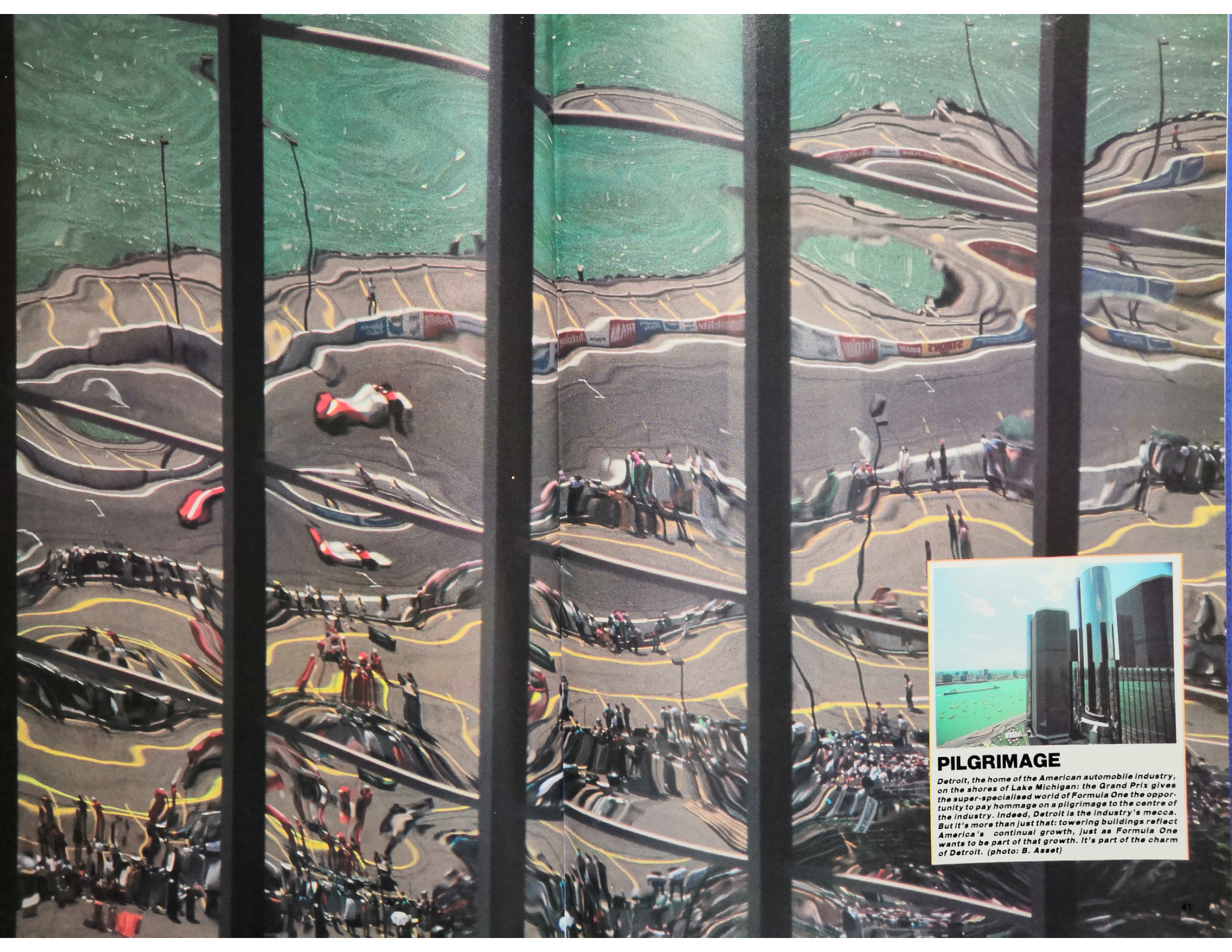
## RED LIGHT

***A Ferrari is an object of beauty, of status, of engineering sophistication. The giant Ford concern realised this fact when they tried to buy Ferrari a number of years ago. But when Ferrari visited Detroit, that illusion took a battering: one car did a few yards, the other's engine cried enough at half distance. Red can mean stop... (photo: DPPI)***



## HAPPY FACE

*It may not look it, but this is a happy face. Behind the driver's usual balaclava and enclosed helmet is Piercarlo Ghinzani, and he's a happy man. For the first time this season, he's qualified to race his Alfa Romeo-engined Osella. (photo: DPPI)*





## PILGRIMAGE

*Detroit, the home of the American automobile industry, on the shores of Lake Michigan: the Grand Prix gives the super-specialised world of Formula One the opportunity to pay hommage on a pilgrimage to the centre of the industry. Indeed, Detroit is the industry's mecca. But it's more than just that: towering buildings reflect America's continual growth, just as Formula One wants to be part of that growth. It's part of the charm of Detroit. (photo: B. Asset)*

# HENRY: HOME WIN

***Renault, Ferrari and BMW invaded the home of the American automobile industry when they visited Detroit. For them, winning, would be an event to boast about. But once again, a Cosworth-powered car won giving Ford yet another home win. (photo: B. Asset)***

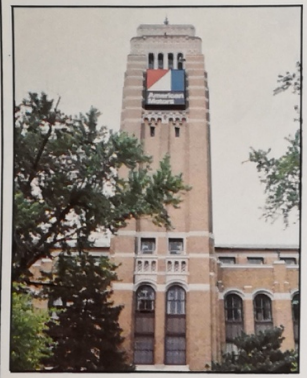
## SCALEXTRIC

*It could be on the floor of the living room: the two McLarens look like Scalextric cars from the top of a Detroit sky-scraper. But these are the real things: ask Niki Lauda whose chances were quickly dashed by tyre trouble, or John Watson who came close to repeating last year's exploit, this year finishing a fine third. (photo: B. Asset)*

## INVESTMENT

*Nelson Piquet devoted last season to developing the BMW turbo engine, it was his sabbatical year, an investment for the future. At Detroit, he even failed to qualify. Sacrifices were considerable. But at that same circuit this year, it seemed that his investment might pay dividends, but for a puncture which dropped him to fourth.*
*(photos: B. Asset)*

# Postcard from Detroit



Detroit! the motor city. Even Mike Doodson got caught up in the spirit of things

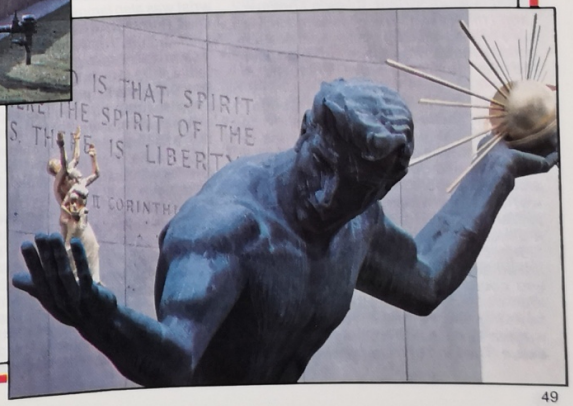
Weird: firemen disguised as nuns!

They come in all shapes and sizes, duties and hobbies in America. And that's Ford's new IMSA car below

One horsepower cops in Motown

"Hey willi, is it far to America?
"Shut up and run."

It was wet in Detroit. Tamboy took precautions



# THE MYSTIC MASSEUR

**In full kit, Willi Dungl is now one of the familiar figures of Formula One. What shrinks do to the mind, Willi does to the body, while not neglecting the head. Heads and bodies in this case belong to Niki Lauda, John Watson and the whole McLaren team, where Willi is now super-trainer to the super-stars.**

**by Heinz Prüller**

"Willi, please massage my exhaust system, I've got to get my car going faster!" The joker is Niki Lauda; the logical solution, Willi Dungl, now in his second year as a fixture chez McLaren. Willi bustles about in full kit, but minus the sponsor's name, because cigarettes don't tally with his carefully-nurtured image as Austria's Pope of Fitness, or with man whose motto is "Back to Nature."

But the Willi-Niki relationship goes back a long way. The coolly rational Lauda was at first skeptical about Dungl's enormous reputation as the man who'd put Austrian skiing firmly on the map; and when he had an accident with his tractor at home before the Spanish Grand Prix and called on Dungl, Niki was unconvinced: *"I didn't know the man,"* says Niki, *"and frankly I didn't really have all that much faith in his reputation."*

All that's changed now. For Niki, Dungl is the man who was in charge of his rehabilitation after his terrible accident at the Nürburgring; Willi is the custodian of his welfare; Willi is the man who was shaking the *paparazzi* out of the trees where they were perched trying to photograph the cruel wounds Lauda had suffered; Willi is the man to whom Niki entrusts his health, physical and emotional. *"A man like Dungl is necessary for every driver in Formula One,"* says Niki now. *"I believe one hundred percent in what he is doing and mentally I am programmed for Willi now. Belief is all-important. If I didn't believe, I don't think it would help me as much. We have collaborated for many years now. Of course one can do it alone but if you have the man there and believe in him, that is better."*

John Watson gives an equally firm endorsement: *"I believe in Willi and I believe in his methods. Just the belief is good in itself. I know he does me good and believing that also does me good. There are also the tangible results. The facts that we have him at a race, to do the massage, to train with us, to orchestrate our food, it all leads to something positive.*

*"Physical and mental training are closely linked. Sure, you could do body-building, you could do all sorts of training, but Willi's business is the whole man. Body-building might make you strong, it wouldn't necessarily make you strong in a race. The kind of training we do is designed to give us an overall level of fitness. It produces stamina; it enables us to achieve a high level of performance over a two-hour period. Most athletes train to reach a peak at a certain time. Drivers have to maintain a consistent level over sixteen Grands Prix over a nine-month season. That's where Willi really scores."*

The heart of the relationship between Dungl and Lauda, however, goes back to the aftermath of the Nürburgring accident; and as soon as Niki could begin to think clearly, as soon as he had decided he would and could survive, he said: *"Dungl must herr."* Dungl must come.

Lauda's recuperation broke down into distinct stages, each with its own set of problems. The first stage followed immediately on Niki's leaving hospital. *"The first and most important thing,"* says Dungl, *"was to restore Niki's will to live and to give him the energy needed to recover: that and giving the wounds time to heal. That was no easy problem. When I first saw him, his balaclava was still under his skin; it worked its way out slowly, bit by bit, but meanwhile his skin was very red and sore. I applied Japanese medicinal oil and different plants."*

The next stage was to restore Niki's circulation, severely damaged by the toxic fumes he had inhaled and the general trauma of the fire. *"He was so weak,"* recalls Dungl, *"that I couldn't even massage both his legs during the same session. Even that much physical activity wore him out. The pulse and general heart curve was just about absolutely flat. His wrist was also jammed after the crash and I had to restore mobility and circulation to his hands. His ear was full of pus and it seemed there was nothing we could do to stop the flow from that open wound."*

But Dungl remembered a skiier he had once treated who had a large open wound on his back that would not heal. His solution had been a memory of reading once about a herb called Canfrey: *"When I applied it, the healing was visible to the naked eye,"* says Dungl.

Niki, of course, was determined to race again, and Monza was his choice for a first test of his ability to come back. Dungl was by his side. *"His head was still pretty much an open wound,"* says Dungl, *"so before Monza, Niki and I went to Ibiza and I put Niki's head in the water and let the salt water do the healing."* The times were still worrying, however, for Lauda was very weak and his breathing very shallow: 30 meters rowing and Niki couldn't breathe; his lung simply lacked the volume necessary. *"Compared to the physical difficulties, the mental problems were relatively easily solved. There were two problems: would Niki find returning to racing possible, or would he be inhibited, say only half the man he had been; and would he be afraid of fire?"* The second, Dungl tested right away at the barbecue pit: he deliberately added fuel to the charcoal until the flames exploded: Niki didn't flinch. Then it came to the start at Monza. Niki had been the quickest of the Ferraris in practice, but at the start, Lauda was slowest away. Dungl saw him, head down and discouraged. *"But once he was in the race,"* added Dungl, *"I knew he would be allright, and there have never been any mental scars since."*

To share that sort of experience with another man is of course something special; it requires a very special man, which Dungl obviously is. His passport says he is a 'masseur and pedicure', which hardly tells the whole story. That story began in childhood with a bout of polio: *"I could hardly move,"* says Dungl, *"and my mother would hold out flowers and say, Willi, please try and reach that flower for me. Just a few inches. Just for me."* His determination and patience is something he has carried through his whole life. It is perhaps the source of his understanding of the problems of those who have suffered severe injuries.

Willi's father was a weight-lifter and the young Dungl went to work in a metal-worker's shop, but his military service changed the course of his life. It was in the army that he learned his first steps in healing and during the Hungarian Revolution, when the Soviet army threatened Austria, Willi joined the *Herres Sport-und Nahkampfschule*, a sort of super sport-and-gymnastics elite group where he began to learn his trade. Thereafter came long stretches with the United Nations in the Congo, Cyprus, Japan and the Phillipines. The experience gave him practical knowledge of medical care under difficult conditions, and when he had finished his service, Willi took his masseur's diploma and set up his own salon in Vienna, where his first clients were diplomats and actors. Then came the sportsmen and Dungl's career was launched: a career based on what Willi calls his three foundations: *"Good health, which you get by keeping active, the right food and inner contentment."*

Those foundations govern, now, the physical and mental conditioning Dungl imparts to Lauda and Watson. Last year, Dungl worked for Niki alone, with Niki paying him out of his own pocket; now a third is paid by Lauda, a third by Watson and a third by the team. As Watson says: *"Though Willi had been a long time with Niki, I didn't take him on through Niki. It was really Ron Dennis's idea. Ron felt that he and Marlboro were spending a lot of money in pursuit of excellence and that an area over which there always hanged a question mark is the driver. If you could eliminate any part of that question mark hanging over the driver, it had to be good for the team. It would benefit everyone: drivers, the team and all. I think taking Willi on was really far-sighted. The whole team is involved. He is everyone's trainer. He looks after everyone and we all contribute. If anyone in the team is not well, Willi treats him. After all, we can't race if our mechanics are laid low with dysentery."*

So, what is the Dungl regime? According to Watson, the psychological benefit is the main ingredient: *"The best thing is knowing that your body is being properly looked after. For instance, the first race is always the hardest; after that, race training more or less comes naturally. But when I started in Brazil this year, I really felt I had an advantage over my competitors. Knowing that and believing it is very important in a sport, like Formula One, where psychological fitness is so important.*

*"The physical side of it with Willi revolves around running and some very gentle exercises, which I now also do at home. I run every other day, not particularly long distances; the key is consistency. Doing it year-round keeps your fitness constant. As for the diet, that is specially adapted to each of us and to our particular needs at any time, the climate and all sorts of factors like that. There is nothing revolutionary about it; it's not cranky. In a much smaller way, I've always eaten carefully. But Willi is no mystic: he can prove in logical terms why he does each thing, why this food is right and that wrong. That makes a difference: to know that you have on your side a man who knows exactly what he is doing. In Brazil, I felt strong throughout the race; until I stopped, I could drive hard and keep up that pace all the way. It's not time capsules Willi gives us, but healthy and nutritious food that's light and quickly absorbed into the system. In the old days, drivers would sit down to a steak before the race, but now we know that's just about the worst thing to eat.*

*"For instance, for breakfast,* (we are in Detroit) *there was yoghourt and various seeds and herbs mixed together, a herb tea. Then a little rub down with oils to release all the tensions sleep hasn't got rid of. We go into practice or a race, theoretically, in 100 percent condition. Sensible eating: vegetables, fruit: things that are good for you and have no side-effects. It's a matter of careful selection."*

The results are obvious: after Spa, Watson ran five further miles to prove he still had it left in him! Dungl's methods are practical, but also highly critical; in Detroit he was staring at the Americans milling about the paddocks and pointing out, disdainfully, the loose buttocks and beer-bellies sported by the local fans: *"You see what shit-food does,"* says Willi. As Niki says: *"Sure, we'd all be better off if we each had our own Dungl. I'm willing to admit Willi may not be for everyone, but for me, for sure, he is necessary. I believe in him and in what he does. Most doctors just give you a pill or an injection; they take the easy way out. Willi never chooses the easy way; he is always digging down to the roots of a problem. We have lived through a lot together and I think Willi knows more and does more, and more consistently, with greater care and constancy, than any doctor I have ever met. Willi goes the natural way: that must be the right way."*

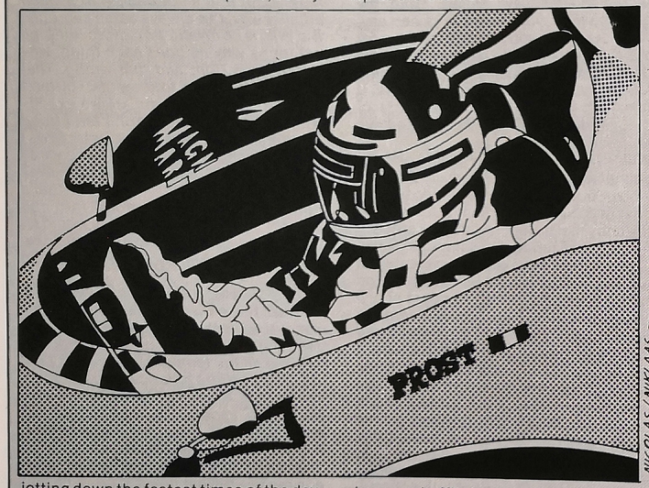
Watson sums it up nicely: *"Yes, you could say Willi is our spiritual and physical valet. He's the man who looks after us, after every part of us."* □

# EXTRA, EXTRA

## THE MAGICIAN AND THE FROG

The first official session had just finished. The sky was still heavy, the temperature on the cool side, rain sheeting across the circuit, speckling the slippery track with droplets and forming puddles of varying and indeterminant size. Visibility was right down. It was a miserable day. The Gods hadn't been kind. All the same, there were some who had gone out there and had had a go, for the sheer love of competition. And then there were the others. Tomorrow would be another day, and surely it couldn't be any worse.

Alain Prost pretended to look relaxed as he walked across the pit lane to the Longines monitors on the pit wall opposite where the three Renaults were parked. Huddled around the monitor were the massed ranks of the French press, busily




jotting down the fastest times of the day. Mixing in with the group, Alain quickly realised just what had happened, and with a concerned look on his face, asked *"how many do they take here?"*

Clearly Alain was not one of the regulars who have the permanent worry, every second Saturday, of whether they're going to get a race or not. But here he was, 25th fastest. If he didn't improve tomorrow, that could mean he was out if only 24 started.

A kind colleague put him right: it was 24 last year, it's 26 this year.

*"Phew, that's OK then, I've qualified. That's all that was necessary today, and I've worked it just nicely..."*

His sudden brash confidence fooled no one. A couple of seconds earlier he'd been genuinely worried when he found just how far from the front he was. Clearly something was wrong.

*"No,"* he countered. *"Not at all, the car was great."* All the time, his eyes were on ours, looking out for any reaction, trying to pierce our innermost thoughts. The fellow was playing psychology. He seemed to be trying to guess what we were thinking. Our silly grins were enough to change his mind; he'd put us out of our misery. The unsolicited truth was, *"No, in fact I just didn't want to push it in the rain. That's the story."*

He turned away, leaving us to work out just how much time there was between teammate Eddie Cheever's fastest time, and Alain's: more than seven seconds. Gerard Larrousse had even had to stop his second driver from going out and trying to pinch pole position from Keke Rosberg.

*"The World Championship leader is on the circuit. Now let's see what he can do,"* had announced commentator, Anthony Marsh, fifteen minutes earlier. He was obviously expecting a command performance. But Alain's collision on his first lap at the start of the session and then Jacques Laffite's spectacular series of spins when he'd aquaplaned, which ended in the Williams thumping the wall, had made Alain conscious of the futility of it all.

Was it luck, good organisation or just predictable that it should be good weather the next day? After dense early morning fog had cleared away, the first unofficial session took place on a track that was almost entirely dry. But damp and humidity deep in the tarmac still gave it a dark look. Prost now had to start setting his car up from scratch, but it was only right at the end of the unofficial session, following a long spring change, that Alain did a time that was even roughly competitive, set in the final moments of qualifying. In the hour's qualifying, when there was everything to gain, surely Alain would go like hell, and this had to be worth seeing.

Rene Arnoux started things off with a 1'44"734; surely this would be base point. But everyone was to be disappointed. Alain's best was a feeble 1'47"855 on his first set of qualifiers while Eddie Cheever's 1'47"334 was seventh fastest.

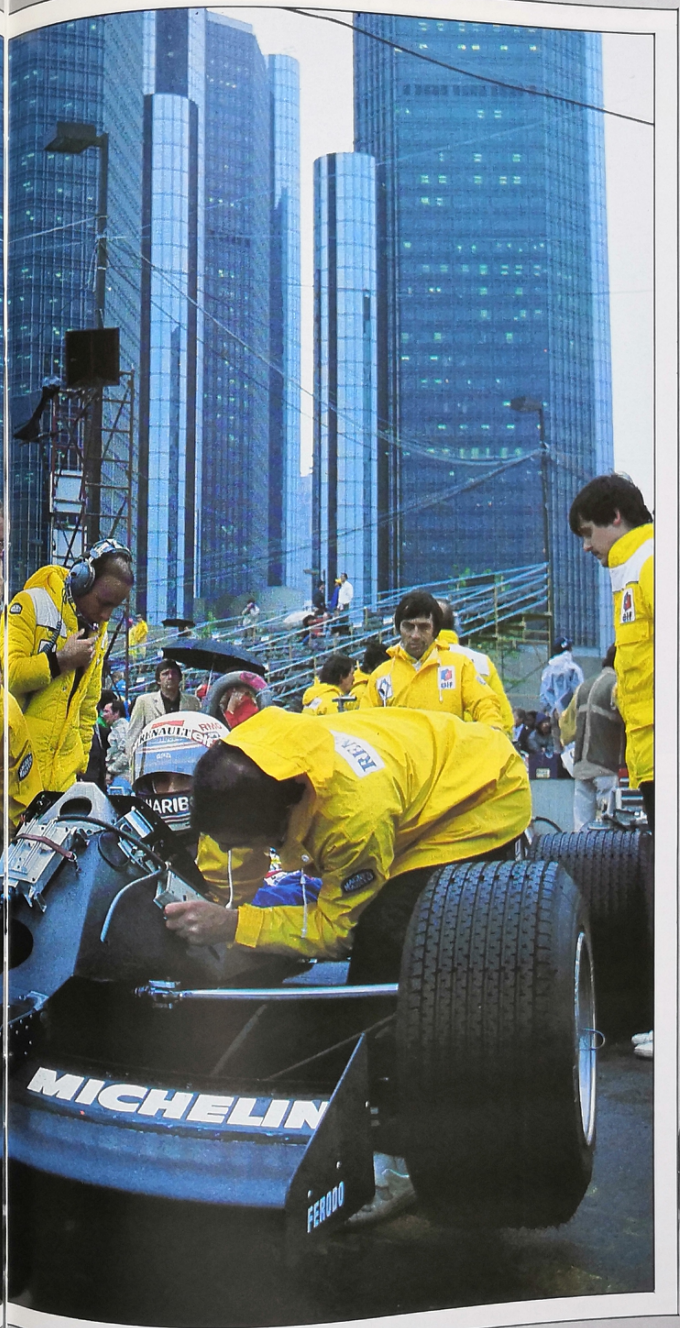
*"He must have been held up by traffic,"* everyone guessed, but this was soon revised when the Renault pulled into the pits again. After a brief confabulation, Alain hauled himself out of the cockpit and took off his helmet and with hands on hips, gave off nothing but negative waves. The head shook from left to right, his expression was hopeless. He talked with Gerard Larousse and then Bernard Dudot, and then shook his head at chief mechanic Daniel Champion and Michel Droitecourt of Michelin. A few yards away, the Renault mechanics worked on the black and yellow car, changing the rear wing and inclining the front nose fins even more. Quite simply, Alain was suffering lack of grip; he didn't even want to commit his second set of qualifiers. Over there, on the pit wall, the monitors told part of the story. With just 15 minutes left of the session, the first six hadn't changed for just over half an hour.

The Renault set off from the pits again, but did no better than others had previously. On his return to the pits, Alain was welcomed by Niki Lauda, another desperate to improve on his 18th fastest time, and looking for news from the man in 13th spot.

*"We did a 46"2 this morning, but now we've got no grip,"* said the Frenchman. *"It's a mystery to me. It seems as though the track suddenly got slower by about one or two seconds after the first 15 minutes."* First to be held culpable: the tyres of course. Michelin had supplied Renault and Brabham with a set of 34s and a set of 37s, a selection which everyone had found satisfactory that morning. But here was Piquet, second fastest, while poleman Arnoux couldn't get below 1'48" on his second set of qualifiers. The Frenchmen, like their colleagues from Pirelli and Goodyear were trying to find some phenomena to hold responsible for the sudden slowing of the circuit.

*"It's as though we're driving on ice,"* drivers complained throughout the pits. *"On virtually every lap, we're having to brake a little earlier, otherwise we'd find ourselves in the tyres."* There was only one possible answer: it was both logical and illogical. After exactly 15 minutes of practice, the sun suddenly shone on the circuit and it could just have been that burst of hot sunlight which caused all the bother. It pushed the humidity from well down in the tarmac up to the surface which is why it was so hard to drive on. From its earlier black, the track surface had changed to grey. It was the first time that most journalists had heard of a drying track actually making cars slower, while this phenomenon had occured so early in practice as to favour a select few: first come, first served. The majority of the grid was determined in the first ten minutes, although there was still a good number of cars who hadn't even gone out. Amongst those was a little frog in his yellow and black car. The magician in the sky had waved his magic wand and come out from behind the clouds at just the wrong moment.

**Didier Braillon**



# EXTRA, EXTRA

## RENE'S REMORSE

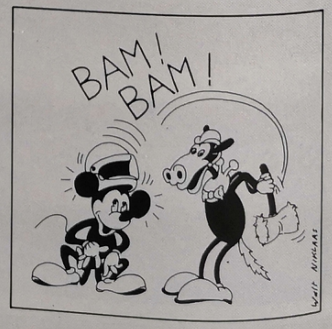
It crawled around the track beside the concrete wall at a snail's pace. The bright red Ferrari was almost silent; how far could it get? Too far and yet not far enough both at the same time. How come? Too far because that would simply accentuate the frustration and disappointement of its driver. But it wouldn't be far enough either because if the car could have made it back to the pits, then the mechanics might have been able to do something about it.

When he climbed out of the cockpit, René Arnoux quickly vaulted the concrete wall without a single glance behind him, in case the sight of the stationary Ferrari should further frustrate him. It seemed he had the world on his shoulders as the wide-eyed little Frenchman headed for the pits, leaving his former competitors to fight over a race which, up until then, none had any hope of winning.

For while Piquet's Brabham-BMW led the opening ten laps, Arnoux took the lead and then began to draw away at around a second a lap. When he pitted to refuel on the 29th lap, he had a lead of nearly half a minute and thanks to the teamwork of the Ferrari mechanics, he rejoined without even losing the lead, an exploit duly rewarded by a warm ovation from the crowd. Two laps later, the Ferrari slowed to walking pace in the left lane of the twisty section around what the Americans economically call the Recen, the Renaissance Centre.

*"Everything was really going well, I could win in that car quite easily. The engine, brakes, tyres were all fine. I took my time overtaking Piquet even though I was quicker than he was because I didn't want to take any risks. After all, every overtaking manœuvre is risky on this circuit. So I didn't want to risk a silly accident, nor to screw up my tyres by locking up the brakes on late braking which would have caused a flat spot. No, I was keeping cool and maintaining a clear head. I was going to win this one. Once I'd overtaken the Brabham, I'd pulled away slowly but surely, because I was making sure that I didn't overstrain anything on the car, and my driving style was relaxed and smooth. And then an electrical breakage mucked up everything."*

This was the latest in the line of a weekend of frustrations and moments of calm for the Frenchman and his Ferrari colleagues. On Saturday morning, for example, Arnoux was involved in testing a range of tyres but because he cruised into the pits




rather too slowly, he didn't have enough time to try out the final set. Chief mechanic Antonio Tomaini, normally quiet and unflappable, went bananas.

That afternoon, René was on the track nice and early and kicked off the session with a quickie - and when the sun burst through the clouds and "dried" the track, no one went any quicker. René was nice and content to find himself on pole position. And for the race, there was serene confidence that No 28 would follow up its warm-up form with an equally shattering performance in the race. But this was to end in that inner torment which the little Frenchman and his team felt as the car cruised to a halt.

Formula One is full of contrasts, and they include moments of intense elation often followed swiftly enough by enormous disappointment. But when bad luck strikes too many times, then it's time to step back and make sure that such bad luck is turned to advantage. That's what René Arnoux has to do after a start to the season as unlucky as his.

***Didier Braillon***

## IN THE POINTS

*"As I think everyone knows, Lotus has been having a thin time of it lately, and all I can say is that finishing in the points, even it's only with one, is like winning a race for us, and I'm damn glad we made that point."* Thus quoth Nigel Mansell, slurping on a straw berry cornet a few hours after the race.

He'd had, God knows, enough problems during qualifying; worse yet, he'd gone out during the warm-up on Sunday morning and both he and Elio had put in results which would have relegated them to the tail enders in the race. (See Paddocks) If that problem was resolved - it involved the Pirelli tyres - others were not. After a number of difficulties with severe understeering - *"I came much closer to the armco a few times than I like doing"* - he wound up ten laps from the end knowing that he was in with a chance for that vital point: *"At least by winning it, we're still members of FOCA,"* said Nigel, thus showing how far the downward curve has gone at Lotus, how much the unthinkable has been unthinkable in recent months. *"Mostly I inherited the places,"* said Nigel, *"but not all of them. I overtook two cars, the more important of which was Boutsen. And even when I was past Boutsen, I wasn't sure I'd be able to hold him off."*

Then, nine laps from the end, came the moment every driver fears: where the signs are that something is going wrong. In this case, Nigel felt it painfully right up the backside: *"It was a short-circuit, just as I'd had previously. I thought they'd fixed the problem, which is a short burning through the insulation, but all they'd done was replace the insulation. As a result, I got another three or four short sharp shocks up my behind and had to finish the race with one foot hard down on the clutch support and pushing back against my seat. Then, as if that wasn't bad enough, five laps from the end, the water-heating light came on. I knew my engine was overheating. I was grateful to finish as I did."*

As for the situation at Lotus, Nigel acknowledged he was not happy. *"The great thing with Colin was not only that I had a smashing personal relationship with him but that Colin had this capacity to take instant decisions. That is no longer the case. We have had to operate a little by committee. It's a chain of command; the mutual powers take decisions jointly: that takes a little time."*

Asked about Ducarouge's arrival at Lotus, Nigel said he thought it *"a lifeline for Lotus. We've had a very bad year; Gérard has a proven track record at Alfa and Ligier. I get a turbo at Silverstone and I'm looking forward to that. It's someone completely fresh coming into the team, with a free hand, and that's the best thing that's happened to us since Colin died. Even within a week of his joining, things have started to turn around: Elio qualified fourth and I finished sixth. It wasn't a long distance miracle, but I've felt like I was in a prison; now I think we all have some hope for the future."*

***Keith Botsford***

# Cockpits

by Giorgio Piola and Didier Braillon

## ALFA ROMEO-EURORACING

183T/02: Andrea de Cesaris (I)
183T/04: Mauro Baldi (I)
183T/01: spare

Front and rear suspension geometry had been revised and the 183Ts were fitted with a new rear wing. On the engine front, a little valve had been fitted to the turbos so that it closed when the driver eased off, preventing outside air from entering the turbo and allowing the turbines to maintain their high rotation. This is a different system to that used at Monaco. De Cesaris used a special new engine during practice with revised heads but Carlo Chiti refused to give any further details of this unit. A slightly modified monocoque should make its debut at Silverstone, but it will have pushrod suspension at the front. Designer Marmiroli hopes to build a new car soon which should be rather smaller as the size of the cockpit and the fuel tank — necessarily large due to the Autodelta V8's fuel consumption — currently upsets the flow of air over the rear wing.

## ARROWS-COSWORTH

A6/2: Marc Surer (CH)
A6/3: Thierry Boutsen (B)
A6/1: spare

The Arrows track had been converted back to the normal specification. At Silverstone, Boutsen will have a revised chassis which will be stiffened by the use of a new outer skin and an entirely new monocoque should make its debut at Hockenheim.

## ATS-BMW

D6/02: Manfred Winkelhock (D)
D6/01: spare

The latest configuration ATS has been expected for some time, and it finally made its debut at Detroit. This was the spare car which had side pods which were 80 cms shorter so that maximum downforce would be to the back in order to gain improved traction. However, this trimming of the side pods also meant that the car's flat bottom had to be extended, as more of the rounded monocoque was exposed, thus encountering problems with the flat bottom rules. However, it is now a squarer shape with a 90 degree angle between flat bottom and side. BMW's engine was also somewhat different with a new heat exchanger, turbo and exhaust, all situated low down. The whole of the left rear track is coated in asbestos so that the various links are not too affected by the considerable heat given off by the exhaust.

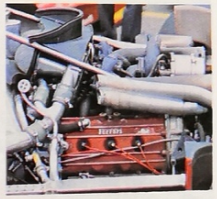
## BRABHAM-BMW

BT52/3: Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT52/4: Riccardo Patrese (I)
BT52/2: spare

The BT52s were fitted with the Monaco-type engine with longer admission pipes and different camshafts in order to improve power at low revs, although this doesn't necessarily solve the sudden rush of the power coming in. Patrese raced the spare car following his race car's fuel tank leak on Saturday morning at the start of practice which meant that he was never able to set up his car for the dry.

## FERRARI

162C2/065: Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/064: René Arnoux (F)
126C2/063: spare



The Ferrari team was the only one whose cars had actually been completely replaced after Spa. Arnoux was driving 064 instead of 062 for example. The 126 C2s were fitted with new rear wings, whose central part is made up of four different distinct planes, while the basic configuration was similar to that of Mocano with a shorter lower rear profile stopping level with the rear suspension. Ten days after Montreal, Ferrari are expecting to run their new chassis, fitted with suspension from the current C2s. Two cars are expected at Silverstone, and Tambay, who has seen the car says it's superb and beautifully built.

## LIGIER-COSWORTH

JS21/04: Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)
JS21/03: Raul Boesel (BR)
JS21/02: spare

The Ligiers were fitted with 13 inch front wheels. It is unlikely that the pneumatic suspension system developed by Citroen will be seen again after this North American campaign. And the team will also be working on a fast circuit configuration for the aerodynamics as the current JS21s lack straight line speed. Herve Guilpin wasn't at Detroit as he's already starting work on the new Ligier-Renault which is due to appear in November. His duties were handled by Jean-Pierre Paoli whose capabilities as an engineer are unknown...

# Cockpits

## LOTUS-RENAULT & COSWORTH

93T/1: Elio de Angelis (I)
92/10: Nigel Mansell (GB)
93T/2: De Angelis's spare
92/05: Mansell's spare

The Italian's race car had been lightened by seven kilos and fitted with tougher lower wishbones and rear suspension which had previously been too flexible. Mansell's 92 was fitted with the same twin wing as on the 93 and both cars had been partly set up by Gerard Ducarouge who joined Lotus on June 1. He's been given carte blanche and had remained in England where he's working on the intermediate model which will appear at Silverstone, this being the foererunner of an entirely new car. It seems that it is being based on the older 91 rather than the 92 or 93 which do not impress the Frenchman.

## McLAREN-COSWORTH

MP4-1C/08: John Watson (GB)
MP4-1C/07: Niki Lauda (A)
MP4-1C/05: spare

The spare car was still fitted with the modified rear suspension that had first been seen at Spa. Before Silverstone, the McLarens will have work done on their aerodynamics. Meanwhile, the new TAG turbo built by Porsche will run for the first time in the back of a McLaren in Germany in two weeks time. This is simply a test car, one of last year's chassis fitted with a flat bottom. John Barnard has already begun work on the future chassis, but he's waiting to see how the first tests go before making any final decisions.

## OSELLA-COSWORTH & ALFA ROMEO

FA1D/01: Corrado Fabi (I)
FA1E/01: Piercarlo Ghinzani (I)
FA1D/02: spare

The Alfa-engined model was fitted with a new oil system and new oil radiators. The new monocoque has arrived in Turin, and two new cars will be run at Silverstone. Enzo Osella has said that he's already found the new front suspension designed by Tony Southgate to be competitive, while at the same time being light and easy to adjust. Unfortunately, Fabi was the only non-qualifier at Detroit.

## RENAULT

RE40/03: Alain Prost (F)
RE40/02: Eddie Cheever (USA)
RE40/01: spare

The ingenious system whereby the exhausts give downforce is likely to be copied by two or three teams in the near future. The Renault team's engineers say that they're well pleased with the system, adding that constant checks are necessary to ensure that the bodywork isn't falling apart from the considerable heat generated by the turbos.

## THEODORE-COSWORTH

183/16: Roberto Guerrero (COL)
183/18: Johnny Cecotto (YV)
183/17: spare

The spare car is only for use in case of trouble with the other two cars, not, for example, to be used as a test car during practice. Guerrero's Theodore was fitted with bigger front wings.

## TOLEMAN-HART

TG183B/02: Derek Warwick (GB)
TG183B/03: Bruno Giacomelli (I)
TG183B/01: spare

Warwick was still using the Hart engine with twin ignition and both Tolemans were fitted with new rear wings.

## RAM MARCH-COSWORTH

The team didn't go to Detroit. John MacDonald actually announced at the beginning of the year that he wouldn't be in either Detroit or Montreal for financial reasons, but some money has been found in Canada and an agreement was signed on June 3 which will allow Jacques Villeneuve to use the cars at Montreal.

# Cockpits

## TYRRELL-COSWORTH

011/4: Michele Alboreto (I)
011/5: Danny Sullivan (USA)
011/6: spare

Both 011s were fitted with Long Beach-type front suspension and both drivers found this better than that used since. This suspension gives a slightly longer wheelbase. The Tyrrells were the only cars fitted with single caliper brakes front and rear, while on Saturday, Alboreto's car was again fitted with the special DFY engine as seen at Spa. The latest Tyrrell, the 012, is due to make its debut during the second half of July.

## WILLIAMS-COSWORTH

FW08C/09: Keke Rosberg (SF)
FW08C/08: Jacques Laffite (F)
FW08C/07: spare

The Williams were fitted with twin caliper brakes front and rear and a single oil tank. Recent wind tunnel tests of modifications intended for fast circuits have failed to give the results hoped for and they have now been ceased. However, Frank Dernie has been working on the turbo-engined car for the last six weeks, but for which turbo? Current rumours say Honda V6...

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CAREL 2

# Marlboro British FORMULA 3 CHAMPIONSHIP

## PLUS ÇA CHANGE...

**It would be a pleasant change—a relief even—to record that things were significantly different in the Marlboro British Formula 3 Championship since we last reported after six of the twenty rounds had been contested.**
**Nothing, alas, could be farther from the truth.**

*by Noël Scholey*

Just in case there is anyone left out there who is not fully aware of the facts, Ayrton Senna da Silva—or just plain Ayrton Senna as he now prefers to be called—has annexed everything of value in the championship to date. In all nine races, the 23 year old Brazilian has won each time out, virtually as he pleased. On only two occasions has he failed also to capture or share fastest lap and the single championship point that goes with it, and on only one occasion—the first race of the season—has he failed to start from pole position. Out of a theoretical maximum of 90 points, he has to date scored 88. Even before the next race, which marked the half way point of the season for Senna and any of his possible rivals, he has a clear 34 point lead at the head of the Marlboro Championship table.

You will find nobody—but I mean nobody—who does not firmly believe that, barring illness, injury or a freakish series of mechanical failures, the title is already Senna's. Lightning will probably strike him before anything else has the remotest impact on his seemingly inevitable triumph. His is the moving hand which is busily rewriting the British Formule 3 record book, and there is little doubt that he will move rapidly on in the motor racing world once he has writ his considerable piece.

So let's hope we can avoid the charge of sensationalism if we strike a possibly controversial note and wonder out loud where the all-conquering Senna was when the best-of-the-rest lined up for the Monaco Formula 3 classic. Had he not, as one would indeed expect, been invited to race in the Principality?

You bet your life he had!

But in consultation with his entrant and motor racing guru, Dick Bennetts, Ayrton had rejected the invitation which every fibre of his being must have been straining to accept. Instead, he was 6,000 miles away, tending to sponsoring matters in his native Brazil. No doubt he was also watching the telecast of the Grand Prix, and speculating on whether or not he himself would be lining up for next year's event.

Officially, the reason for Senna and Bennetts turning their backs on what amounts to a Royal Command appearance, was that the Marlboro British Formula 3 series takes precedence over all other considerations, and that there was not sufficient time to prepare adequately for Monaco.

Now, it is well known that Bennetts is something of a perfectionist when it comes to such things, and it's difficult to imagine him doing anything which might remotely jeopardise Senna's Marlboro hopes. But it would be naïve not to recognise that other, powerful considerations were at work here, and the suspicion remains that the pair of them concluded—however reluctantly—that they had everything to lose and not a lot to gain by tossing the tempting Monaco dice. To run the risk of being beaten in front of all the Grand Prix bosses—several of whom have already made overtures to Senna—was altogether too big a gamble. Better—just—to sit on Senna's unquestionable 100 % record in Formula 3, and weather the inevitable, not to say topical charges of 'cut and run'.

It may well be that Senna and Monaco Formula 3 winner Michel Ferté will never meet on level terms before they are both firmly settled in opposing Grand Prix teams, and in many ways that's sad because it robs the sport and the paying public of a logical and intriguing confrontation. After all, the best in each category should be matched against one another. What else is the purpose behind the international sanctioning and recognition of the junior formulae? But modern motor racing strategy is becoming increasingly like that employed in the boxing world. For Ayrton Senna, read Frank Bruno, and you get the drift of the argument. Even at Formula 3 level, the investment is such that 'matchmaking' becomes a vital ingredient in the equation of success. For the top runners, Formula 3 is but a way-station on the route to Grand Prix stardom, so perhaps Senna cannot be judged too harshly for his decision to give Monaco a miss and maintain a clean sheet at this critical stage of his career.

If nothing has changed at the top of the tree in Marlboro Formula 3, then neither has very much changed on the lower branches. Rounds seven and eight—at Thruxton and Brands Hatch—followed a pattern which had become almost as fixed as knitting instructions. Martin Brundle and Davy Jones duly took second and third places in both events, with Calvin Fish, Mario Hytten, David Leslie and our own Allen Berg scrapping over th other points scoring positions.

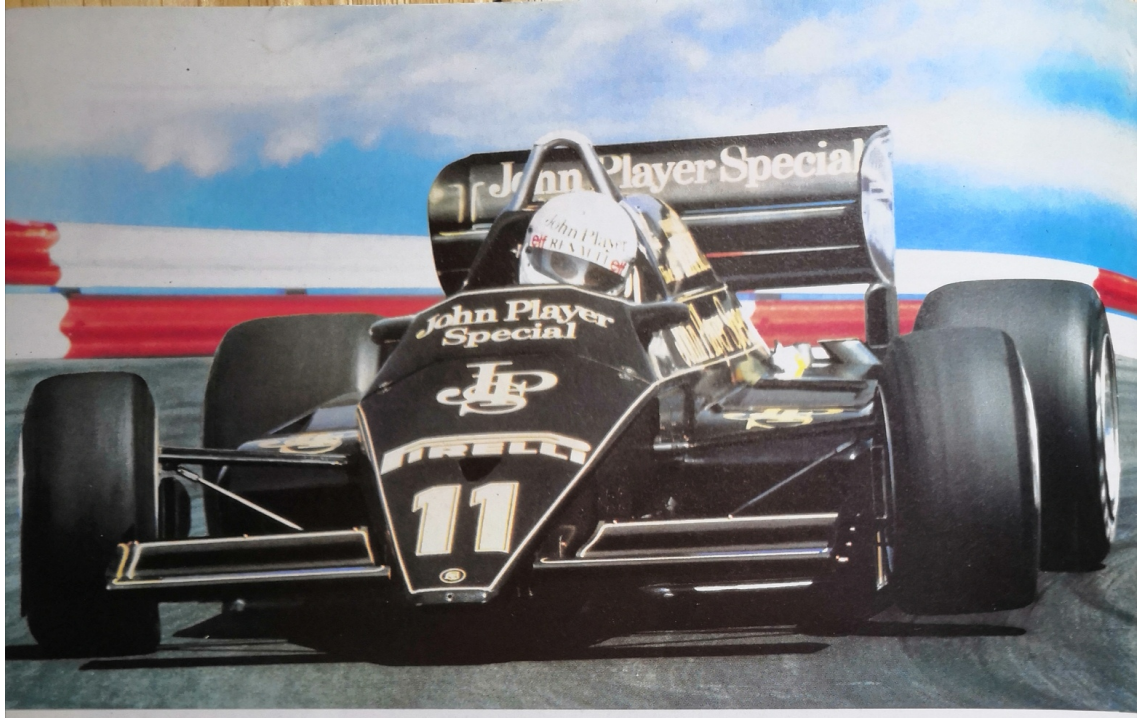
However, the pecking order amongst this latter group has been enlivened by a significant return to something like his Pacific Championship winning form by Berg. Since switching to Eddie Jordan Racing, the pint-sized Berg has been the beneficiary of Mr Jordan's engagingly cold-eyed approach to the hard world of Formula 3, and the experience has paid real dividends for both parties.

Berg would be the first to admit that he had something of a struggle up the lower slopes of the Formula 3 learning curve, and his early season results reflected it. With the tutelage of Jordan to spur his progress, he has radically reduced his lap times and improved his racing consistency to the point where the ninth round at Silverstone on Bank Holiday Monday saw him qualifying fifth and finishing third, *on merit*. What happens when Allen, as seems likely, gets more or less on terms with his team-mate Brundle and starts disputing second place, is a question which no doubt occupies Mr Jordan's fertile Irish mind.

This development apart, to anticipate matters changing greatly would be to fool oneself that this season, so completely dominated by one driver, is likely to be anything but predictable.

Sure, anything can happen. But it probably wont, so don't hold your breath. Not just yet.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ayrton Senna | Brazil | 88 |
| Martin Brundle | GB | 54 |
| Davy Jones | USA | 28 |
| Calvin Fish | GB | 20 |
| Mario Hytten | Switzerland | 15 |
| David Leslie | Scotland | 10 |
| Allen Berg | Canada | 9 |
| Johnny Dumfries | Scotland | 5 |
| Tim Lee-Davey | GB | 2 |
| Richard Trott | GB | 3 |
| Tony Trevor | GB | 1 |




# Black Power

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